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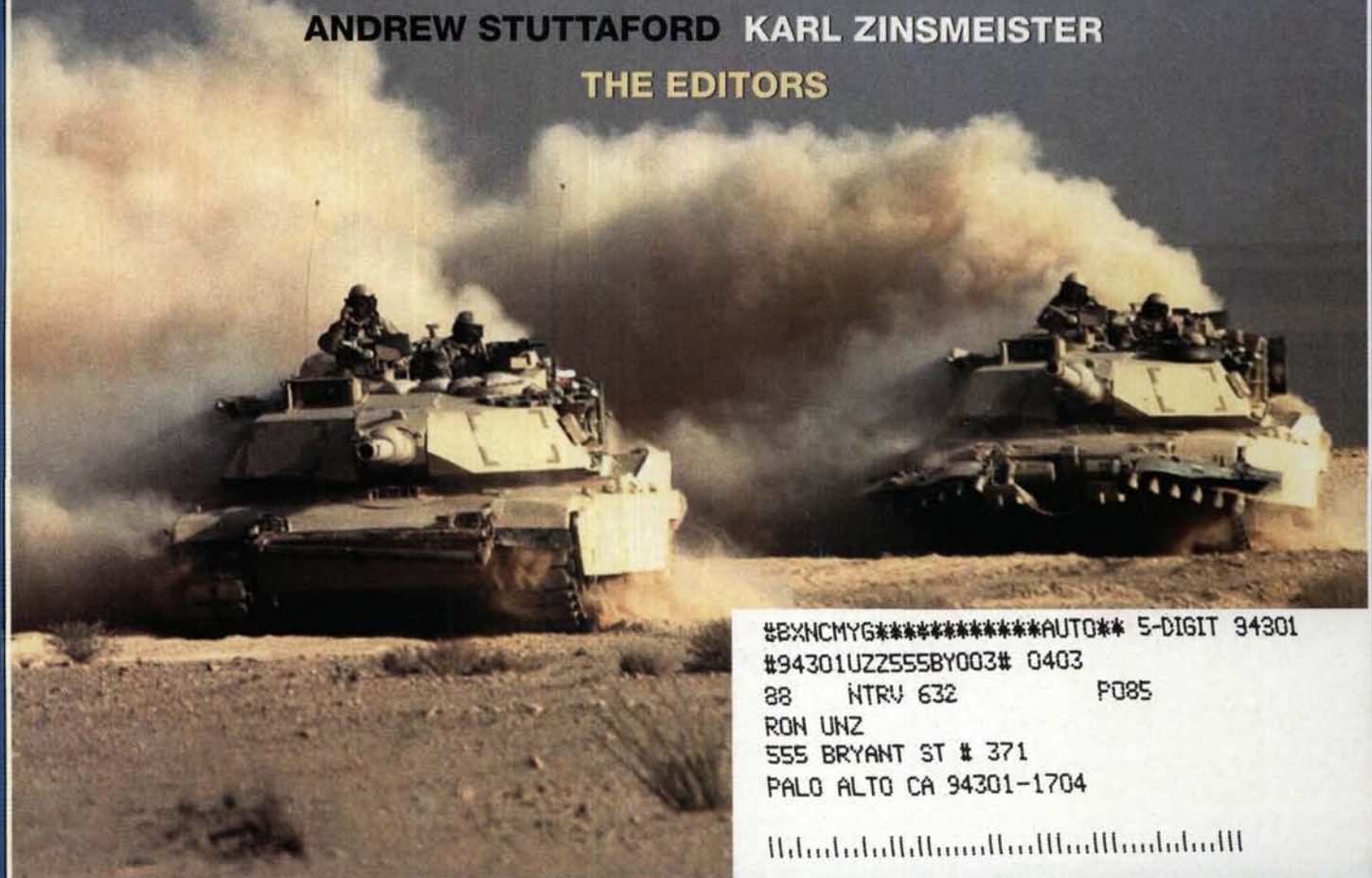

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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letters to the editor

THE FIGHT CONTINUES

Byron York's article ("Fight on the Right," April 7) is, as far as it goes, an important contribution to arousing conservatives to the danger posed by the Islamist/Wahhabi agenda in America and the role Grover Norquist is playing in enabling that agenda.

I would like to correct the record on three points: 1) It would be a mistake to construe the Islamist enterprise in this country as limited to political influence operations, in which Mr. Norquist's Islamic Institute has been active. It is only in the context of the larger Wahhabi agenda involving prison recruitment, placement of chaplains in the military, domination of the nation's mosques, cadre-building on U.S. college campuses, penetration of strategic businesses, etc., that Mr. Norquist can be said to be playing "a bit part." 2) Much is made of the fact that I singled out an associate director for cabinet affairs named Ali Tulbah with regard to ill-advised access the Bush administration is giving to Islamist groups. I did so only because the American Muslim Council thanked Tulbah by name for inviting them and the Council on American-Islamic Relations to the White House. 3) I am astounded that NR would allow Mr. Norquist further to circulate personal attacks on me, such as that "[my] whole life screams of bigotry" without noting that such scurrilous charges are as unfounded as they are offensive to honorable conservatives.

Frank J. Gaffney
President & CEO
The Center for Security Policy
Washington, D.C.

Now let me see if I've got this right: Grover Norquist is president of Americans for Tax Reform and a board member of the NRA, the ACU, and other conservative organizations.

The Nation, a journal of record of the Left, and Hillary Clinton and Ralph Nader have all expressed their envy at Mr. Norquist's skills. Yet NR criticizes this builder of conservative influence for working too hard to make the GOP open to Americans of all faiths and for defending President Bush's efforts to do the same.

You have missed an opportunity to make your readers as well informed about this conservative-movement leader as are *The Nation*'s readers.

George Landrith
President, Frontiers of Freedom
Fairfax, Va.

ONLY UNDER THE GOP, PLEASE

Ramesh Ponnuru's "The Empire of Freedom" (March 24) posits an interesting prospect—as long as we have a Republican president.

Under a Democratic president, the migration of socialistic tendencies from England and Australia would be frightening.

Michael R. Parrillo
Binghamton, N.Y.

THEN AND NOW

Re John Derbyshire's Straggler column, "I Was an Illegal Alien" (March 24): Mr. Derbyshire finds little difference in American attitudes toward illegal immigrants over the last 30 years, and states that it will be difficult to get the nation to concentrate on immigration reform. Surely he exaggerates. When he worked (illegally) in New York, it was not illegal for his employers to hire him. (It was illegal for him to accept work, but that's not the same). When his employers found out about his problem, they merely dispatched him to the lawyers to adjust his status. Now, however, such options are no longer possible, and these are but two examples of how the immigration laws have been tightened.

While Mr. Derbyshire may feel that "the nation" cannot focus on immigration reform, Congress has been very busy doing just that.

Edward S. Reisman
Santa Monica, Calif.

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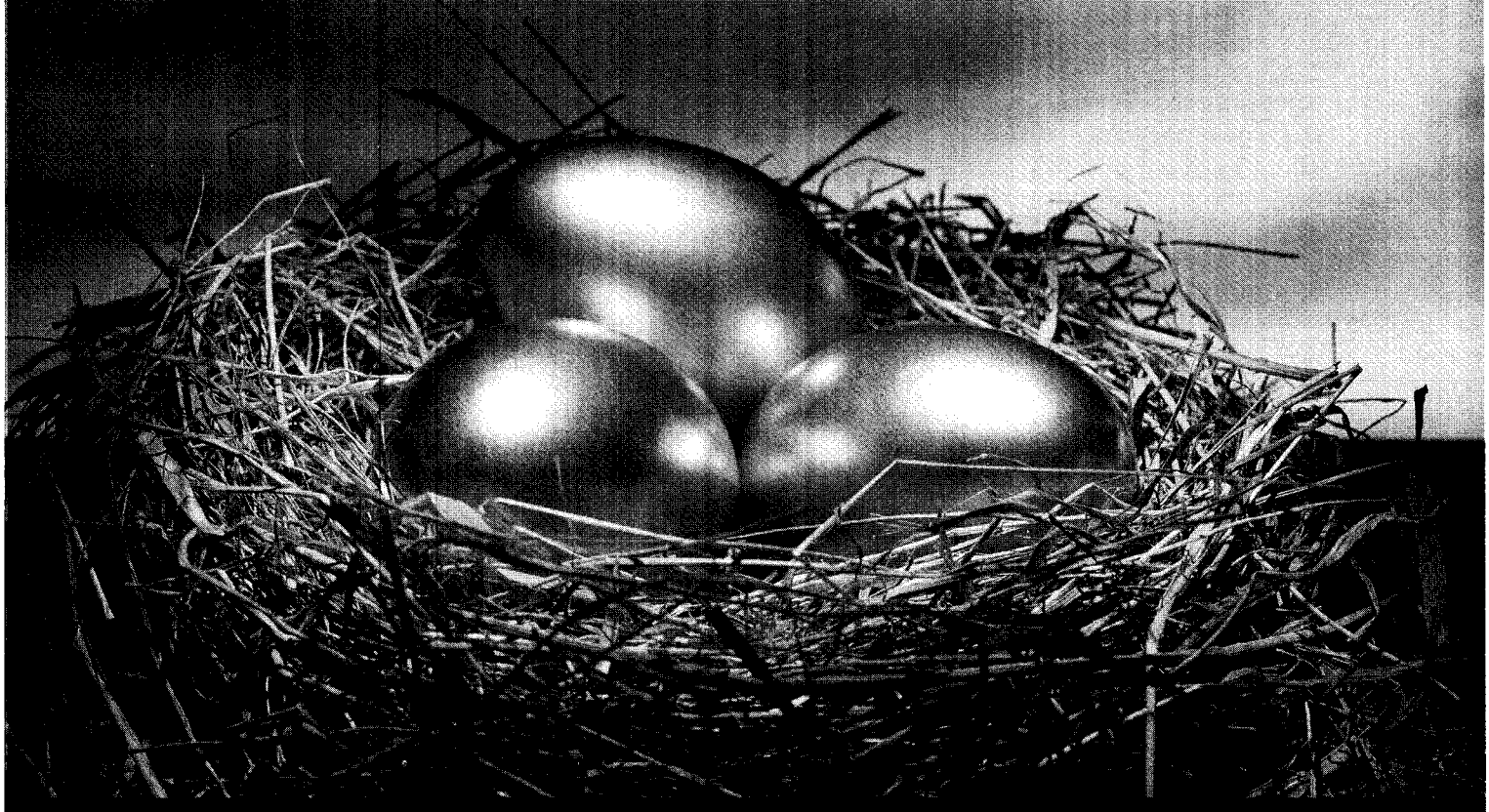

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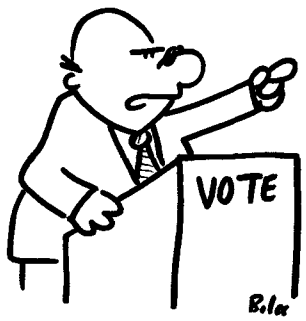

"So what if I was compromised in a hotel room? —Politics is the art of compromise!"

■ In CBS News/*New York Times* poll, President **Bush** earns 71 percent job-approval rating, and 80 percent support attack on Iraq. . . . Bush, at MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa: "We cannot predict the final day of the Iraqi regime, but I can assure you, and I assure the long-suffering people of Iraq, there will be a day of reckoning for the Iraqi regime, and that day is drawing near." . . . More Bush: "Slowly, but surely, the grip of terror around the throats of the Iraqi people is being loosened." . . . Secretary of Defense **Donald Rumsfeld**: "This war is an act of self-defense, to be sure, but it is also an act of humanity." . . . Rumsfeld on war protesters, on NBC: "This is a free country. People can have their own views and they always have. In every war there have been protesters. The America Firsters filled Madison Square Garden repeatedly with thousands of people before World War II, while Europe was in flames, while millions of Jews were being killed." . . . "We've never said it was going to be quick," says Air Force Gen. **Richard B. Myers**, Joint Chiefs of Staff chairman. "We've never said it was going to be easy." . . . Sens. **Lincoln Chafee** (R., R.I.), **Olympia Snowe** (R., Me.), and **George Voinovich** (R., Ohio) join Democrats in slashing Bush tax-relief package in half.

■ Secretary of State **Colin Powell** on Russian military sales to Iraq: "It's the kind of equipment that will put our young men and women in harm's way. It gives an advantage to the enemy, an advantage we don't want them to have." . . . Retired Army Gen. **Barry McCaffrey**, who commanded troops in Gulf War, on BBC: "In the process if [the Iraqis] actually fight, and that's one of the assumptions, clearly it's going to be brutal, dangerous work and we could take, bluntly, a couple to 3,000 casualties."

■ Rep. **Dennis Kucinich** (D., Ohio) repeats old **George McGovern** line on first day of war: "Come home, America." . . . **Ralph Nader** on Bush as war president, in *Providence Journal*: "We have a monomaniacal, one-track, messianic mind here that raises serious questions about its stability." . . . **Al Gore**: "The relative intolerance of dissent on the part of the media in America led to a completely inadequate debate prior to the beginning of this war." . . . Former Clinton chief of staff **John Podesta**, in *USA Today*: "The American public is going to want to see a Democratic candidate who's going to be a warrior in the war against terrorism." . . . Sen. **Evan Bayh** (D., Ind.), on Fox News: "In terms of the U.N. being a legitimate vehicle for restraining tyrants with weapons of mass destruction, for restraining aggressors, I think they have done themselves grievous damage." . . . In Fabrizio, McLaughlin poll, 53 percent of white Democrats and 33 percent of black Democrats support war.

■ "I thought it was damaging . . . in the Clinton administration for leaders in the other party to not just criticize and undermine the president, but send signals about our resolve and unity as a nation," says Sen. **Hillary Clinton** (D., N.Y.) in Syracuse *Post-Standard*: "And I will not as a senator participate in that. I think it's wrong." . . . More Clinton, in same interview, on Bush administration's Iraq policy: "I regret the manner in which the administration has pursued a goal, with which I agree, has proven so disquieting and alienating to people here at home and abroad . . . and that we have pursued this objective to the detriment of our strategy against al-Qaeda and to the danger posed by North Korea." . . . Left-wing filmmaker **Michael Moore** is booed at Oscars for comments: "We live in a time where we have fictitious election results that elect a fictitious president. We live in a time where we have a man sending us to war for fictitious reasons." . . . Star Spangled Ice Cream Company, a conservative alternative to Ben & Jerry's, offers flavors like "Iraqi Road" and Nutty Environmentalist" (www.starspangledicecream.com). . . . Bradley Foundation announces establishment of Bradley Prizes to honor outstanding achievement by individuals in areas consistent with the foundation's mission. Up to four prizes, in the amount of $250,000 each, will be awarded to outstanding individuals at a ceremony in Washington, D.C., later this year.

■ National security adviser **Condoleezza Rice**, in *Wall Street Journal*: "Nearly 50 nations are committed to ridding **Saddam Hussein**'s regime of all its deadly, destructive, and illegal weapons. To put this in perspective, the combined population of coalition countries is approximately 1.23 billion people, with a combined gross domestic product of approximately $22 trillion." . . . "The officers threatened to shoot us unless we fought," says wounded Iraqi soldier at American field hospital, in *New York Times*. "They took out their guns and pointed them and told us to fight." . . . U.S. ambassador to Canada **Paul Cellucci**, in Toronto speech: "There is no security threat to Canada that the United States would not be ready, willing, and able to help with. There would be no debate. There would be no hesitation. We would be there for Canada. . . . And that is why so many in the United States are so disappointed and upset that Canada is not fully supporting us now." . . . British prime minister **Tony Blair**: "When people really sit down and reflect upon the interest of Europe they would regard the idea of sacrificing the transatlantic alliance as madness, as it would be—absolute madness."

■ **Jay Leno**: "There's now talk that the United States wants to spray the poppy fields of Afghanistan in an effort to destroy the drug crop before it can be harvested. If you thought Bush was unpopular in Hollywood before . . ." **NR**

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NAFTA'S TICKING JOB BOMB

Trade agreements, such as the North American Free Trade Agreement (Nafta), are about more than trade.

Little noticed during the Nafta ratification debate, for instance, was the appendix to Chapter 16, which sets out a new "Treaty National" visa program for Mexican and Canadian professional workers. Under this treaty provision, Mexicans and Canadians possessing a baccalaureate degree or an appropriate license in one
of 67 listed professions were given the right to work in the United States.

The 67 professions on the Nafta list include some of the best paying jobs that America offers -- accountants, architects, computer system analysts, engineers, industrial designers, hotel managers, research assistants, dentists, pharmacists, physicians, nurses, social workers, chemists, and college teachers, among dozens of others.

These are the good-paying replacement jobs promised American workers being displaced by global free trade deals. Yet, Nafta put no limits on the number of Canadians who could qualify for a TN visa. And though a limit was set for Mexico— 5,500 TN visas a year for ten years- it ends on January 1, 2004.

This TN visa program is a ticking job bomb for American workers. The Boston Globe reports that over the past two years, "the number of native-born Americans with jobs fell by almost 1 million. In the same two years, the number of employed immigrants rose by 600,000."

Today, hundreds of thousands of Mexican professionals qualify for U.S. jobs under this TN visa program. And if they get a job here, they can bring their families with them.

In each of these 67 professions, U.S. workers are paid far more than their Mexican counterparts, making a move here to take a professional job almost irresistible.

Now, the Administration's newly negotiated U.S.-Chile Free Trade Agreement, which Congress will soon be asked to approve, gives Chilean professionals similar TN visa privileges. Inevitably, the 50 plus other nations negotiating fast track trade agreements with the United States will demand the same.

We think that changes in global immigration treaties, such as the TN visas, are of such great importance to American professional workers that the President should negotiate them separate from trade agreements, and Congress should consider them separately, not as adjuncts to trade pacts such as Nafta.

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THE WEEK

■ We regret to announce that the media's patience with this war is exhausted.

■ Defense secretary Donald Rumsfeld's briefings have taken on "an even crustier, testier tone" (*New York Times*). "The lines of strain are visible" on his face (*The Independent*). Why should he be in the hot seat? The war was not the instantaneous take-down that it seemed, miraculously, it might be after the opening decapitation strike. A pundit class with the attention span of a rock video took this amiss; the Rashomon reporting of the many embeds increased the air of confusion. Rumsfeld, no desk jockey, is ideally positioned to take the flak. He has also suffered from his desire to shake the Pentagon up. The first Gulf War was won by using armaments and strategies developed for a Soviet invasion of western Europe that never came. But time and technology have moved on, and Rumsfeld pushed the military to respond. Everyone with a stake in the old order (which, in military bureaucracies, means almost everyone) thus had reason to carp; some have done so. The fact remains that the war planners, led by Rumsfeld, have done well. Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead.

■ One very commendable feature of Islamic fanaticism is the willingness of its practitioners to commit suicide in the cause. As Stalin used to say: "No man, no problem." Every Islamoloony who attains his dream of martyrdom is one less problem for Western civilization. It is true, of course, that the wish of these suicide bombers is to send as many infidels as possible to hell while transporting themselves to paradise, but it should not be beyond the wit of our professional military men to accommodate the second desire while frustrating the first. Seen from this point of view, the report that 4,000 volunteer "martyrs" from 23 Arab countries have placed themselves at the disposal of the Iraqi military is good news. Better these death-seeking amateurs should be on the battlefield facing our guns, tanks, and planes, than in American cities or on Israeli school buses. The people who will be hurt by this development are the civilians and the common soldiers of Iraq, who must now be regarded with suspicion by coalition forces, and whose pleas for help and offers of surrender must be taken as ruses until proved otherwise.

■ By the end of March, Iraq had fired 13 missiles at U.S. and coalition forces, and only one of them came close to hitting its mark. (It struck a shopping mall in Kuwait City and caused a few minor injuries.) Of the rest, one blew up shortly after launch, three were allowed to crash harmlessly into the desert or the Persian Gulf, and eight appear to have been intercepted by Patriot missiles. Missile defense is compiling a worthy record in this war. It is not a perfect record: In one terrible accident, a Patriot missile shot down a British Tornado fighter—though it's possible that the fault lies with a malfunctioning beacon on the plane. But the fact remains: Even as arms-control cultists continue to insist that anti-ballistic missiles can't be made to work, they are saving lives in real combat situations as we speak.

ROMAN GENN

■ This just in: The real problem with media coverage of the war is that it is too patriotic. Jack Shafer of *Slate* explains: "The honest shock and awe expressed by the embeds' reports translate into victories for the U.S. military in their concerted propaganda campaign against Iraq, its allies, and its sympathizers." But doesn't someone have to counteract Peter Arnett? Seriously: The embedded reporters have sent back some riveting footage, and much dull footage. If the Iraqis switch to chemical arms, their reports may reflect a very different sort of shock and awe. Their great weakness is shared by every fighting man, as the novelists of warfare, from Stendhal to Stephen Crane, have repeatedly told us. Each man on the battlefield sees a slice of the picture. The commanders themselves are often wrapped in fog, which historians decades later struggle to blow away. As with every other war, the best way to follow this one is with a map, an old Baedeker, and a lifetime of reading.

■ On Day 3 of the war, the press was worried that "we will be seen as a bully" (question to Rumsfeld at a Pentagon briefing from an unidentified reporter). By Day 7, it was asking whether we were headed for "a long, protracted quagmire of a war" (question to a Kuwaiti university president from Diane Sawyer). So if we're winning it's bad, and if we're winning at a slightly slower rate that's bad too. The thing to remember is that the journalistic smart bomb has not been, and will never be, invented. Reporters look for stories, meaning controversy; they scramble for them in real time; and they inevitably show their biases, which are, of course, predominantly liberal. The system is hit-or-miss, mostly the latter. It does, however, have its virtues, as a glance at the news in the world's dictatorships (for instance, the Arab world) attests. That is why a free press is worth fighting for.

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THE WEEK

■ Sgt. Asan Akbar, who killed two fellow soldiers and wounded 14 in a grenade attack at the 101st Airborne Division's base camp in Kuwait, seems plain as paint. He was a hard-working loner. He had degrees in aeronautical engineering and mechanical engineering, thus never experiencing challenges to his worldview. What was that? His mother named him Mark Fidel Kools (great middle name); family members say he and his brother, who served in the Air Force, both claim to have encountered racism. So Mr. Kools had a chip on his shoulder and found in Islam a palliative and a ratification of his alienation. Then, at the climax of his life, he tried to decapitate his unit by attacking its officers as they slept. "You guys are coming into our countries and you're going to rape our women and kill our children," he screamed as he was led away. No, Mr. Kools/Akbar—the rulers of "your" countries have the raping and killing well in hand. We hope the military is studying his profile.

■ Many of the antiwar protesters who hurried to Baghdad to serve as human shields have since hurried back—and some are speaking out. One group of Americans and Japanese crossed into Iraq as aspiring shields, only to return with 14 hours' worth of uncensored videotape of Iraqis reporting atrocities. Iraqis told American pastor Kenneth Joseph that they "would commit suicide if American bombing didn't start." Continued Joseph, "They convinced me that Saddam was a monster the likes of which the world had not seen since Stalin and Hitler." In the *Daily Telegraph*, photographer Daniel Pepper described being taken to task by a fiercely pro-war Iraqi: "Of course the Americans don't want to bomb civilians. They want to bomb the government and Saddam's palaces. We want America to bomb Saddam." Indeed, Pepper added, "Perhaps the most crushing thing we learned was that most ordinary Iraqis thought Saddam Hussein had paid us to come to protest in Iraq."

■ To its credit, the Bush administration was careful not to say—or even much imply—that Gulf War II would be a breeze. The only major figure who did was the immediate ex-president, Bill Clinton. Days before the opening of hostilities, he said, "This war is going to be over in a flash." That was just before he said, "You can always kill somebody next week. You can't bring them back next week." The race continues between Clinton and Jimmy Carter as to who is the Worst Ex-President Ever.

■ One of the war's casualties is Kofi Annan, secretary-general of the United Nations. Admittedly, the job is impossible, an exercise in make-believe, without the power to be responsible for anything more than verbiage. By unlucky coincidence, as the Iraq crisis was coming to a head, Annan was hoping to resolve the long-lasting Greek–Turkish standoff in Cyprus. The Turkish-Cypriot leader, Rauf Denktash, a veteran nearly 80 years old and no Saddam Hussein, flatly turned down the U.N. plan, and there was nothing Annan could do except wring his hands over this pinprick of a problem. His input to the Iraq crisis has been worse than useless, positively harmful. He encouraged Dr. Hans Blix to enjoy the vanity and flippancy of his hour in the limelight, clearly hoping to hobble the United States and to let Saddam Hussein off the hook of Resolution 1441. Now he comes up with the conceit that the United States should hand post-Saddam Iraq over to the very U.N. that did its best to ensure there wouldn't ever be a post-Saddam Iraq until the dictator died a natural death. Somebody has to take Kofi Annan aside and explain that it's time for the U.N. to reform and get real. Or float away, as hot-air balloons do.

■ Photographs, posters, portraits, and statues of Saddam Hussein fill the public and private spaces of Iraq. Could he by any chance have read George Orwell's *1984*, with its central message, "Big Brother Is Watching You"? At any rate, the importance of art as propaganda has not been lost on him. All the more revealing, then, that when U.S. Marines captured the key town of Nasiriya they found a mural depicting the attacks on the World Trade Center. At the time Saddam made sure to celebrate September 11, and we may soon be discovering whether his links to al-Qaeda merely had the emotional and artistic purpose of inspiring the inhabitants of Nasiriya, or operated at a more practical level.

■ Despite what you hear from some quarters, the U.S. has widespread support in this war, from countries around the globe. Places as far-flung as Iceland, Azerbaijan, and Eritrea have weighed in with their understanding and encouragement. But we would like to single out, just now, the president of Rwanda, Paul Kagame, who spoke out even before the war began: "They [the United States and its close allies] should act when they are right to act, because the Security Council can be wrong. It was wrong in Rwanda. . . . You might avoid war and have a worse situation. . . . That is why I was giving a comparison with our case. People avoided a war or doing very much and it ended up with a genocide." As is sometimes said, consider the source.

■ Anti-American vandals in Bordeaux defaced a copy of the Statue of Liberty, burning and splashing it with red paint, and cracked the base of a plaque commemorating the victims of

PLANNING AHEAD

After the apotheosis;
After Saddam's been received
By 50—count 'em—stout virgins,
Leaving him just a tad peeved:
France and perfidious Russia
Will, in their fashion, draw nigh,
Scouting the wells like two jackals.
That's when we chant, "Pass 'em by!"

—W. H. VON DREELE

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The Dilemma of Reforming a Post-Saddam Iraq

Russell Berman, Stephen Haber, and Barry R. Weingast are senior fellows at the Hoover Institution.

Two crucial debates underlie America's present situation in the Middle East. The first concerns whether the United States can graft a democratic system on an authoritarian regime such as Iraq's, a state that has no history of democratic rule. The second debate involves the sources of differences between the West—the societies of Western Europe and North America—and other cultures around the globe.

To understand how Western political and economic systems might be transplanted into a post-Saddam Iraq, we need to understand what is "Western" about our culture, politics, and economics. Those three aspects were not only developed in tandem but mutually support one another.

The West's first distinctive characteristic is its culture of literacy and individuality. Written records undercut oral myths, established factual accuracy, and allowed authors to adopt critical positions that challenged received opinion. Over several centuries, this gave rise to a culture whereby individual integrity trumped the conformism of community doctrine. This legacy of literacy and critical thinking became linked to a Judeo-Christian religious sensibility. The result is a culture that emphasizes the sanctity of life, the value of the individual, and redemption through historical progress.

The West's second distinctive characteristic is its political institutions. Those institutions take three forms: electoral suffrage, federalism, and checks and balances. Those forms operate jointly to limit the authority of government and thereby reduce the stakes of politics. They also work to limit corruption and rent seeking (a person or group seeking to obtain special political favors at the expense of others). Those institutions accomplish these goals either by creating ex ante vetoes that limit their leaders' discretion (for example, presidents must obtain congressional approval before acting on new policy proposals) or by creating ex post sanctions on leaders who exceed their authority (by being voted out of office).

The West's third characteristic is its system of economic institutions that support markets. Markets exist in other parts of the world, but only in the West do political institutions enforce property rights with such uniformity. Indeed, in most developing societies political officials prey on markets and private property. In many nations, administrators enforce some individuals' property rights but not others—giving rise to cartels and thereby precluding competitive markets.

The combination of a culture of individualism, institutions of limited government, and free market economies has succeeded in unleashing human creativity, producing wealth, and raising people out of poverty.

As beneficial as it would be to reproduce these conditions in Iraq, we should not underestimate the difficulties that lie ahead. More than a change of regime will be required. **Establishing democratic capitalism will involve a profound transformation of cultural values, governmental institutions, and economic behavior.** This is a worthy goal, but it will require a long-term commitment.

Too often, new democracies in former authoritarian regimes fail because they lack one or more of the three critical characteristics that distinguish the West. Establishing a stable democratic-capitalist system in a post-Saddam Iraq will require both political and economic reform, as well as encouraging the virtues of a free society among Iraqis.

— Russell Berman, Stephen Haber, and Barry R. Weingast

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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THE WEEK

9/11. The original statue, a gift of France to the United States, is safe from their menaces; and the ideals the statue represents still beat in our hearts, along with gratitude toward the nation that once shared them.

■ President Bush's tax cut has been pronounced dead by all the savvy players in Washington about once every two weeks. The latest occasion for last rites was the Senate's vote to shrink the tax cut by more than half. Yet Bush's plan is still pretty close to passage. The House has approved it. When the House and Senate bills are "reconciled," the final product could look very much like the president's plan. It appears that the full tax cut needs only one more vote in the Senate to pass. If the president can persuade either Olympia Snowe or George Voinovich, both liberal Republicans, to support him, he will win. As will taxpayers.

■ Arlen Specter, by the way, voted for the full tax cut. Thank you, Pat Toomey.

■ Priscilla Owen is about to join Miguel Estrada in filibuster purgatory. The Senate Judiciary Committee has approved her nomination to an appeals court, but Democrats seem determined to block a vote of the full Senate. Let the Democrats filibuster—indeed, send them a few more conservative nominees to filibuster. Democrats supposedly object to Estrada because he has not been forthcoming, and to Owen because she's an "anti-choice extremist." Let's find out what's wrong with the

The American Way of War

BY VICTOR DAVIS HANSON

10

(1) As always, the American military does not like fascists, and it thus will unleash horrific power to eliminate such autocrats as Noriega, Milosevic, the Taliban, and Saddam Hussein.

(2) It is as difficult to provoke the United States as it is to survive its eventual and tardy response. We will take months, years, even decades of slurs, random murdering of our own, terrorism, and general hostility before acting—and then, in a primordial rage, we will at last unleash unimaginable firepower to remove the odious regime.

(3) The American media and associated punditry follow a predictable wartime volatility—as Gulf War I, Serbia, Afghanistan, and the present conflict attest: Day One, euphoria; followed by Week Two of dejection and recrimination; followed by days of false knowledge; culminating in mild I-told-you-so's as peace seems nearer. Confidence in victory is never as strong as despair on rumors of quagmire. The stronger our military, the more likely grow the doubts of our elites.

(4) There is no typical "American Way of War" anymore, in the textbook sense of traditional armored drives supported by overwhelming firepower. George Patton would smile on our current ride northward, as would Ulysses S. Grant admire the hammer and tongs that batter Baghdad. The Swamp Fox would praise the special forces in Kurdistan, but then so would Hap Arnold like the bombing campaign, Adm. King the naval broadsides, and Adm. Nimitz our marvelous carriers.

(5) The enemy will kill more of its civilians than we will kill of its soldiers. Examples: Milosevic, the Taliban, and Saddam Hussein.

(6) The Arab street is as ready to rush out when the American military moves as it is to dissolve when it wins. It will always galvanize on behalf of homegrown fascists if they are fighting a democratic United States.

(7) The American military fights best when it is asked to keep on the move and start from point A and end at point B. The very idea that troops were "going to Baghdad" boosted troop morale and had the psychological clout and fighting power of an additional armored division—much like "On to Germany" or "Next stop, Tokyo," and, tragically, so unlike "on to nowhere" in a static Vietnam.

(8) Criticisms of the present generation are misplaced. In fact, in the past decade our youth have shown signs of being the best fighting cohort of Americans since World War II.

(9) Our military is no longer just a fighting force, but is asked to preserve oil fields, clear waterways, organize oppressed peoples, feed those without food and water, and under fire distinguish killers from innocents. It is hard to fight a force that employs everything from dolphins to satellites. When the U.S. military rids Iraq of Saddam Hussein, it will have done more to feed and help the Iraqi people than all the efforts of the U.N. over the last two decades.

(10) When war actually starts, the efficacy and professionalism of the American military tend to silence rather than incite its critics, as the example of brave soldiers seeking to free Iraq makes a vivid contrast with "Not in Our Name," ANSWER, and the assorted likes of Peter Arnett, Hans Blix, and Dominique de Villepin. Americans always prefer to see brave young men fighting for ideals than pampered critics who for a few minutes vomit in public in San Francisco or stage "die-ins" on the streets of Washington—before driving home to resume their comfortable lives, which are made possible by those sleeping now in the sands of Iraq.

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next four nominees. The Democrats' objections will have to multiply as the nominees do, and their multiplicity will reveal their insincerity. The Democrats will look, because they will be, more and more obstructionist. The more filibusters, the better.

■ The Bush administration plan to permit oil drilling on about 8 percent of the land in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge went down to defeat in the Senate, 52 to 48, on March 19. The result is a disappointment, but it is encouraging to see that the supporters of a sensible and long-term energy policy are committed to trying again, perhaps in another budget bill or as part of broader energy legislation. The ANWR site is believed to be capable of producing 16 billion barrels of oil without hurting the environment—and that makes it well worth another try.

■ In the ten months since the Supreme Court ruled that education vouchers don't violate the Constitution, no state has passed a school-choice law—until now. Colorado governor Bill Owens, a Republican, soon will sign a bill that may help as many as 3,700 poor kids enrolled in failing public schools to attend private ones next fall. Republican legislators deserve much of the credit for this success, and so does Democratic attorney general Ken Salazar for bucking his party to support this important project. It is a signal achievement for the school-choice movement, and a credit to Colorado's impressive political leaders.

■ When maverick Dutch politician Pim Fortuyn was gunned down days before he almost certainly would have been elected Holland's prime minister, the rational suspicion was that the assassin would turn out to have been a Muslim. Fortuyn, an openly gay ex-academic and virtual political novice, was rising to national power in large part because he spoke out against the Netherlands' growing population of unassimilated Islamic immigrants. Many were shocked when the man arrested for the crime turned out to be a 33-year-old Dutch animal-rights activist named Volkert van der Graaf, who has now confessed to the murder. Van der Graaf recently told a three-judge panel that he had done it to protect "vulnerable" Muslims, showing that the useful idiots of the militantly multicultural Left can be as much a threat to liberal democracy as radical Muslims.

■ Assistant professor Nicholas De Genova wished "a million Mogadishus" upon U.S. soldiers now fighting in Iraq at a "teach-in" at Columbia University. "The only true heroes are those who find ways that help defeat the U.S. military," he continued. "If we really [believe] that this war is criminal . . . then we have to believe in the victory of the Iraqi people and the defeat of the U.S. war machine." A scandal ensued. In defense of himself, De Genova said that his comments had been taken out of context (in what context would they have been appropriate?) and that what he in fact wishes for is "more like another Vietnam." Columbia released a statement defending De Genova's right to free speech, but president Lee Bollinger later criticized the professor on the university's website. What's in order is a bit more than that—the university should fire him.

■ And now, the homefront—NR's own homefront. Our Joel Mowbray is a finalist in the National Magazine Awards for his articles last year on visas: how the State Department distributed them indiscriminately, as to the 9/11 terrorists. And this magazine is losing the services of one of our finest, Rod Dreher, who is going to Texas and the *Dallas Morning News*. Lucky Dallas, unlucky us.

■ The article in the last issue by David Frum, "Unpatriotic Conservatives," has provoked a wide response. The piece was long in the works. It was filed, as it happened, one day before the war broke out, although printed copies of the magazine arrived several days into the fighting. It is for that reason that the article was released early via National Review Online. In the next issue we will publish extensive selections from mail and commentary, to give voice to questions that have been raised and to elaborate our thinking on the matter. One point, how-

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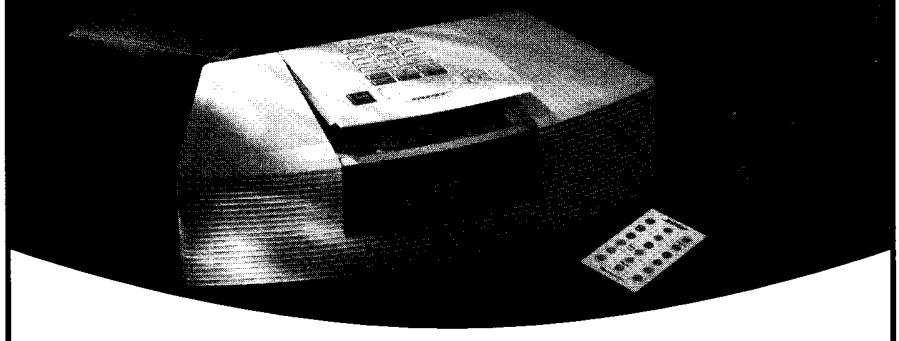

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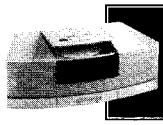

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ever, we would stress immediately. And that is that the piece did not attribute to every figure mentioned in it, charges made against others. Robert Novak, an old friend of the magazine, is not to be confused with Sam Francis. Meanwhile, on with the war no one sought out, but all join in seeking to expedite.

■ The *New York Times* editorializes that critics of al-Jazeera think it "is insufficiently supportive of America and its war in Iraq." The *Times* does not think much of this complaint: "As the only uncensored Arabic television in the world, Al Jazeera does indeed slant its debates and discussions in a way that can be hostile to the West. It is not Fox News." Al-Jazeera, mind you, is a network that refers to the killers of September 11 as "martyrs." But hey, Brit Hume is just as bad.

■ For many years, Walter Cronkite, the elder statesman of CBS News, was regarded, according to polls, as the most trusted man in America. His avuncular tones were reassuring. In a recent address at Drew University he turned his gaze upon the current war in Iraq, ruminating, "I'm very disappointed that we've come to this point in the world. Every little country . . . that has a border conflict with another little country . . . they now have a great example from the United States." If ridiculous analogies were horses, intellectual beggars might ride.

■ Garry Wills, analyzing religion in wartime for the *New York Times Magazine*, took a crack at Rod Dreher's article on military chaplains in NR ("Ministers of War", March 10). Wills relied heavily on James Madison, who condemned the use of "religion as an engine of civil policy," and rightly so. But Madison was writing in peacetime, so the quotation is a little off point. Wills did not quote George Washington, whose first general orders at the beginning of the Revolution asked all officers and soldiers "to implore the blessings of heaven" on their cause, and whose farewell orders at war's end noted "the singular interpositions of Providence" in their favor. Washington asked for help, and was grateful when it came. P.S. Unlike James Madison, a great thinker but a poor war leader, Washington also knew how to fight.

■ We have commented before on the historic athletic prowess of Tiger Woods. And we have commented on his unusual character—resisting racialist nonsense, for example. But here's a little something extra. Woods, on his website, wrote, "I have great respect for the men and women fighting overseas to protect our way of life in Iraq and other parts of the world. As the son of an Army officer, I understand the strength, courage and discipline required to successfully carry out their missions in hostile environments and feel tremendous pride they are representing us. Obviously, no one likes war. Our Congress and President tried hard to avoid the use of force, but ultimately decided it was the best course of action. I like the assertiveness shown by President Bush and think we owe it to our political and military leaders, along with our brave soldiers, to be as supportive as possible during these difficult and trying times. I just wanted to take this opportunity to let our forces know that I am thinking about you and wishing you and your families the best." How about that, sports fans—and others?

■ French's Mustard—good old French's Mustard, the yellow stuff on hot dogs—felt compelled to issue a press release saying, no, they were not French. Had nothing to do with France. The brand was founded by R. T. French, a red-blooded American, and "there are not many more American brands than French's." The mustard is "an American icon, and the only confusion in consumers' minds is about the brand name and not the brand heritage." As long as we have *that* straight. Incidentally, one wag commented, "Just because French's is yellow doesn't mean it's French."

■ The 27-year Mao Tse-tung despotism was a horrible calamity for the people of China, marked by purges, "movements," and famines that brought suffering, degradation, and death to tens of millions of people. The last ten of those years were given up to Mao's Great Cultural Revolution, in which all forms of professional or technical expertise—except those needed for the development of atom bombs and ballistic missiles—were subordinated to the goal of ideological purity. Little remains of all that now other than the memories of those who survived . . . and the "revolutionary" artwork that was raised to celebrate and promote Mao's mad murderous enterprise. That artwork has not gone unnoticed by collectors. Political kitsch it may have been, but it was often produced by highly skilled craftsmen, who were permitted to create nothing else. Sotheby's has now held an auction of some prize pieces: a first edition of the Little Red Book of Mao's "thoughts," jade and porcelain statuettes of heroic workers and peasants, portraits, posters, banners. It seems cruel that so much suffering, lying, and cruelty should be turned into hard cash; but perhaps these totalitarian tchotchkes are better off in a London auction house than back in their homeland, serving as bitter reminders to those who would much rather forget.

■ An instructive anthology could be compiled of *New York Times* obituaries of former American Stalinist hacks, the latest being Christopher Lehmann-Haupt's airbrushed tribute (March 20) to Herbert Aptheker, who died at 87. Aptheker joined the party in 1939, the year of the Hitler-Stalin pact, and for the rest of his life belonged to the most rigid Stalinist grouping of the party. Unmentioned in Mr. Lehmann-Haupt's piece is the fact that Aptheker defended the 1956 Soviet invasion of Hungary as the defeat of a fascist coup against a "people's" government. Aptheker considered the reconstruction of West Germany to be "renazification," and wrote in Stalinist prose that U.S. leaders "have the morals of goats, the learning of gorillas, and the ethics of . . . racist, war-inciting enemies of humanity, rotten to the core, parasitic, merciless, and doomed." Aptheker's scholarship regarding black history in America is considered unreliable, to put it mildly, among experts in the field, and much of it was brought out by

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Homicide bombings: *Beirut Marine Compound (10/23/83), Pan Am 103 (4/21/89), 1st World Trade Center attack (2/26/93), Khobar Towers (6/25/96), U.S. Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania (8/7/98), USS Cole (10/12/00), World Trade Center (9/11/01)*

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International Publishers, the Communist house. The *Times* obit was remarkable—unless you are a regular reader of that paper's memories of American Communists.

AT WAR

Thus Far

In the first two weeks of war, our coalition forces have advanced quickly toward Baghdad; secured Iraq's southern oil fields; captured several bridges over the Euphrates; and taken complete ownership of Iraqi airspace. We have lost no engagements with the enemy. In the months leading up to the war, many people worried that it would start with chemical-weapons deployments and missile attacks on Israel. These have not happened. While every loss is one too many, we allies have suffered only 73 casualties, and only 7 of our people have been taken as POWs. Military historian John Keegan sums up the campaign's progress: "It has secured most of the territory and facilities over which it needs to operate, has a secure base, has acquired its own resupply port, dominates the enemy, and is not threatened by large-scale civilian disorder."

If this is a quagmire, let's have more of it.

It is not one, of course. Yet the media are clearly caught up in their peculiar Vietnam nostalgia. The phrase "credibility gap" is enjoying a comeback. (Somehow the credibility in question is never that of the media themselves.) The prevailing line is that the war is going worse than the Bush administration had led us to expect. Journalists are judging the war the way they judge presidential debates and primaries—on the basis not of actual achievements but of "expectations."

A few—a very few—advocates of regime change in Iraq did indulge in reckless predictions that a war would be a "cakewalk." Stray comments from Bush administration officials to that effect can also be collected. But this was not the dominant note in the pre-war debate. When opponents of war said that the risks were too high, the hawks' principal response was not to downplay those risks but to say that the risks of inaction were higher. The public was not sold a bill of goods. Polls showed that most people expected a war to last months, not days. It was possible, of course, to hope that the war would be over in days; but the military devised a plan that would work, and adapt, if it lasted longer.

A related contention is that the war has failed because the Iraqi people have not greeted us as liberators. But nobody predicted that they would do so before we liberated them—and we have not yet done so. Most ordinary Iraqis do not know whether the regime will go or, if it will, how long it will take. They have lived in a "republic of fear" for decades. Now there is fear and confusion. Most Iraqis are not welcoming us, but they are not actively opposing us either.

Other, more credible criticisms of the military campaign have been made. The Turks have refused to let us open a northern front; our own diplomatic bungling may be partly responsible for this lack of cooperation. It would clearly have been better to have had more troops available at war's opening. But this latter criticism must be qualified. It takes time to move troops. American war planning had to take account of the diplomatic timetable, weather-related risks, military commitments elsewhere, and other factors as well as ideal troop levels. More troops are now arriving.

Another fair criticism is that we are showing excessive concern for Iraqi civilians, and even soldiers and infrastructure. We have gone well beyond the moral requirement to try to avoid civilian casualties. We have done so for some good reasons. Saddam Hussein wants higher casualty totals, in order to influence Arab, world, Iraqi, and American opinion. We do not want to so pulverize the country that it will be impossible to rebuild after the war. But to the extent our scrupulosity extends the length of the war, it may be self-defeating. There is a balance to be struck here, but it seems to us that we should be more concerned with the lives of our own troops. More force would produce more fear of resisting us—not only among Iraqis, but in the governments of Syria and Russia.

But these criticisms and suggestions do not detract from our sense that the war has so far been a great success—and that we will have greater success in the future. President Bush deserves credit for his steadfast leadership, especially his resolute refusal to pay much heed to the media. The public, too, deserves credit. Its resolve has not faltered either.

We do not know how long the war will last. We do not know how much it will cost; but even if it were several times the $75 billion the administration has requested for the first installment, it would be small in proportion to our economy—and a small price for the elimination of the Iraqi regime.

Nor can we predict what horrors are in store from the dying Ba'athist regime. It may yet use the weapons it is not supposed to have. The regime's conduct of the war has fully vindicated the worst claims hawks have made about its essential character. Feigned surrenders; suicide bombings; executions of POWs; the use of civilians as human shields; the shooting of civilians: War crimes have been our foe's chief tactic. But that fact is a testament not only to his depravity but to his military weakness. We have not won yet. But victory is within sight.

OBITUARY

Daniel Patrick Moynihan, R.I.P

A PERSONAL MEMOIR

In the bustling side room of the synagogue where the memorial service for Allard Lowenstein would soon begin, family, speakers, and special friends milled about waiting for the signal to file out to their appointed places. I was chatting with Christopher Dodd when the tall figure came through the door and began to greet participants at the other end of the room. "I've never met Pat Moynihan. Would you introduce me?" Of course, I said, and walked over to where the senator was standing. I introduced the man who had defeated my brother, Jim, for reelection as senator from New York in 1976—to the aspirant politician who would defeat brother Jim a few months later in his bid to serve as senator from Connecticut.

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All in the family. But the special nature of a Moynihan friendship had been in place a very long time. He went to Washington in 1969 to serve as Assistant to President Nixon, and called one day to say he'd like to come up to explain the president's proposal for a family assistance program. . . . Of course. What about joining the editors at dinner, and briefing us jointly? That was a fine idea, and he arrived on a White House jet and spoke of his proposed program to reconstruct welfare policy, giving the poor regular relief and reducing the welfare bureaucracy. Two undergraduates had been invited to come in after dinner to sing and play, on guitar and autoharp, their spirited and lyrical songs. Moynihan was captivated and stayed late to hear more. The next day he sent a long telegram that included a forgotten detail of his welfare program, a compliment to the student musicians, and a request for my wife's recipe for her oxtail soup. His idea for a grand new welfare program withered away, torpedoed by Milton Friedman's testimony that he would certainly favor it provided all other welfare programs were discarded.

When he served as ambassador to India I had a long cable from him (he loved, during his time there and in the U.N., to communicate by Western Union, though never in telegraphese). He had seen the story in the *New York Times* reporting that, reacting to student protests, I had withdrawn my commitment to give the commencement address at Vassar: "GOOD FOR YOU. DO THOSE LITTLE BASTARDS THINK WE HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS?"

He went then to the U.N., and our admiration for him magnified as he belted the Soviet bloc with his grandiloquent scorn. At the end of that session of the General Assembly, NATIONAL REVIEW nominated him as Man of the Year. Attending the 20th anniversary celebration of the magazine, he was introduced from the podium and received a standing ovation.

At his desk as senator he wrote his fine speeches and heuristic books on subjects that included welfare policy, the venerability of Penn Station, federal secrecy classifications, and the restoration of Pennsylvania Avenue. His insights were shrewd and original. His speeches and books joyfully sideswiped popular liberal

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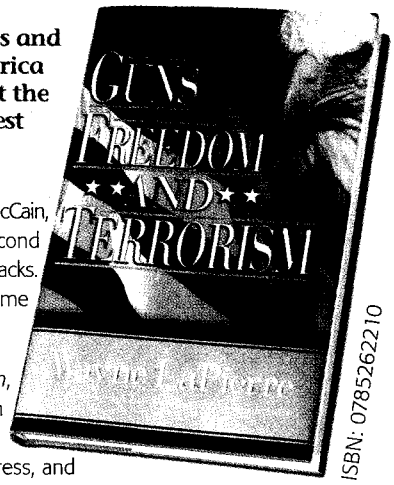

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cliché-thought. But when voting time came, he was almost always there, observing the party line. His deportment at that hour was that of the freethinking monk who, at vesper-time, clocks in submissively to the catechetical regimen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan didn't win four elections in New York by stressing the desirability of school vouchers, or the tragedy of black family disintegration.

Yet he was always a shining light, giving pure pleasure as a lyrical philosopher and wit. At our last meeting at the large affair at the president's house at Yale preceding the commencement at which we would receive honorary degrees, he and I were asked by the president to say something after dinner, before the Whiffenpoofs serenaded us. Speaking extemporaneously, his imagination, his memory, and his aptitude for association brought on light references to obscure events. We got his benevolent smile, the pixie-Irish face puckered in apparent inquisitive stress. He had this thought . . . *Perhaps it would be of interest to the assembly . . . Perhaps those of you from Yale would find . . . relevant in some way . . .*

And it was over. And the deans and awardees and professors did smile. I did too of course, with the special affection I had for the man who took my brother's seat in the Senate, and now, with prayerful thoughts for his safe passage.

—WFB

notes & asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Being a fan of N&A, and feeling envy for your contributors' command of the English language, I would like to opine on this subject.

The basic purpose of any language is to communicate. If what has been said or written is understood, communication has been accomplished. To nitpick the method of delivery smacks of elitism.

My education, along with millions of others', was cut short in 1942, as we had more important things to do. I spent my career in the military with the basic purpose of defending our Constitution and freedoms. One of those freedoms—freedom of speech—guarantees this right not only to those who/whom speak eloquently, but also to those who use such phrases as "ain't got none" or "we is."

Proper use of language is commendable, but all do not possess the talent. I was "sicced" so many times while writing "Letters to the Editor" that I often felt the urge to bark, attack, and chase cars.

My writing career was cut short by a liberal editor who/whom didn't take kindly to my conservative views or/nor uneducated ramblings.

Clifton H. Chandler, USN (Ret.)
Santee, Calif.

Dear Mr. Chandler: You are quite correct. And thanks for your years of service.

Cordially, WFB

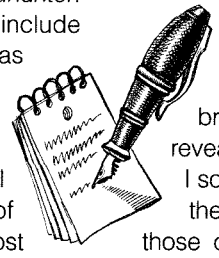
■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Reading your column "Pyongyang Blues" (Feb. 10), I came across the word "averrals": *There is a mind-boggling fog generated by these averrals.* I searched several dictionaries and the Internet to find the meaning of "averrals"—to no avail. Can you help me?

Sincerely,
Watson A. Bowes Jr., M.D.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Dear Dr. Bowes: Right. I was wrong. "Averments" is the word I should have used.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: You replied to Michael Streeter's letter (Feb. 10) about the language in *The Redhunter*: "A novelist's responsibilities include the reproduction of language as spoken."



In the author's note preceding *The Caine Mutiny*, Herman Wouk wrote: "The general obscenity and blasphemy of shipboard talk have gone almost wholly unrecorded. This good-humored billingsgate is largely monotonous and not significant, mere verbal punctuation of a sort, and its appearance in print annoys some readers."

Perhaps that was one reason Queen Caroline (*Saving the Queen*) enjoyed *The Caine Mutiny* so much, even if she did put it aside for Blackford.

Sincerely,
Albert Alioto
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Alioto: Nice point, nicely made. But here is a distinction to be kept in mind: When obscenity is regularly transcribed, it is everything Herman Wouk said it is. When it is carefully quoted, a point is made that should transcend general punctilio in the matter of printing obscene words.

Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Concerning Mr. Herrick's question (Feb. 24) on the Marine private's proper response to the master sergeant's query, your reply is correct *only* if the privates are in boot camp. If they are not "boots," the proper response would be: "Top, I didn't say 'nothing'!"

Gene Presti
Oberlin, Ohio

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: For your "Examples of How Language Usage Is Insidiously Becoming More and More Orwellian" file (surely you have one!):

The computer database at a branch of the N.Y. Public Library revealed that the status of the book I sought was "available," ergo on the shelf. After my efforts and those of the librarian to locate the book were unsuccessful, she agreed to initiate a more comprehensive search and to inform me of the result.

Several weeks later I received a notice with the results of the search. It read: "The last available copy has become unavailable."

Cordially,
John W. Eisenhauer
Milltown, N.J.

—WFB

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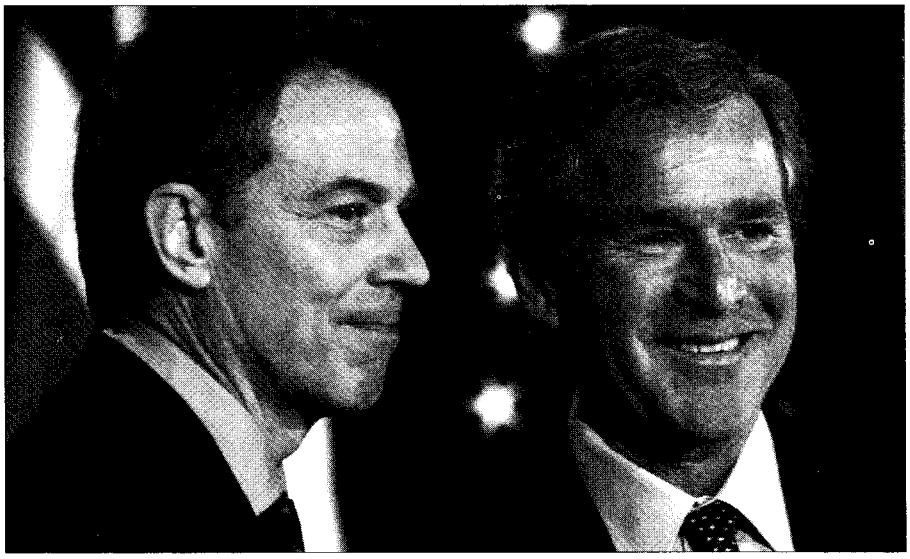

BUSH & BLAIR AT CAMP DAVID, MARCH 2003. PHOTO: KEVIN LAMARQUE/REUTERS

■ AT WAR ■

A World Shaken Up

Consequences of the first important event of the 21st century—good and bad

PAUL JOHNSON

THE Anglo-American action in Iraq, to which the Arab terrorist attack on September 11 was the prolegomenon, is likely to rank as the first important event of the 21st century. The reasons are twofold, the first negative, the second positive.

The action, and responses to it, brought to the surface the need for fundamental change in various international organizations. The first is the United Nations, an omnium-gatherum of states whose permanent membership on the General Assembly and whose periodic membership on the Security Council is automatic without any regard to their qualifications. Thus military dictatorships, gangster-run states, and failed states overrun by terrorists have voting rights as valid as those exercised by law-abiding states that have succeeded in making democracy work and abided by the rule of law.

Mr. Johnson's latest book is a Penguin Lives biography of Napoleon.

Moreover, the Security Council system, invented in 1945, is more than half a century out of date and no longer corresponds to global realities. These weaknesses explain why the U.N. failed even to address the problem of international terrorism, let alone deal with it. When, following 9/11, America, as the injured power, finally determined to do so, it found the U.N. an obstacle, not a help. The U.S. government suspected this all along, and involved the U.N. machinery only at the urgent request of its principal ally, Britain. In the event, the Allies refused the requests of France and Russia for bribes in return for allowing the U.N. machine to function. This rejection of the U.N.'s characteristically corrupt way of doing things amounted to rejecting the U.N. altogether. The U.N.'s failure to involve itself in the first major crisis of the 21st century effectively ends any attempt to make it an instrument of world government.

Second, the use made by the French government (and its temporary ally Germany) of the NATO structure to impede America's plans to act in Iraq again exposed the antiquity of an organization that had fulfilled its original purpose—to protect Western Europe from Soviet expansion—and showed conclusively that it is now obsolete. There is, indeed, no further point in keeping large forces from the U.S., U.K., and Canada in central Europe, and their withdrawal at this point becomes inevitable and urgent.

The question of what should replace these two organizations, both damaged beyond repair, is linked to a third negative event—the crisis inside the European Union. This was inevitable sooner or later, for the EU, in its fundamental structure, is also half a century out of date. It has proceeded systemically toward some forms of economic union, including a common currency, and is now contemplating a constitutional union. But it has made no progress at all toward a common foreign policy, and has actually gone backward from a common armed force to give it muscle, since the "European Army" proposal was voted down by the French in 1954. Britain excepted, the armed forces of the EU member states have declined in size and effectiveness in relation to the rest of the world, and there are no present proposals to modernize them. This helps to explain the EU's total failure to solve the biggest problem on its own doorstep, the disintegration of Yugoslavia in the 1990s. Indeed Continental Europe is physically and morally incapable of acting outside its own borders.

This weakness is likely to become more pronounced as the 21st century progresses. The four largest EU Continental powers now have some of the world's lowest birth rates: France, Spain, Germany, Italy (in descending order), and the portion of the total population dependent on the workforce is the highest in the world (Japan excepted). As the EU specifies a 35-hour working week, soon to be reduced to 30 hours, it will become increasingly difficult to finance existing pension commitments, let alone future ones dictated by demographic definitions. It is unrealistic to suppose EU governments will be willing or even able to support large armed forces.

By contrast, the U.S., with a compara-

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tively high birth rate, and with policies that enable it to absorb more high-quality immigration than the rest of the world put together, is poised to increase its demographic wealth base. Its population is now approaching the 300 million mark and is expected to pass 400 million by midcentury.

Seen against this background, criticism of Tony Blair for "positioning Britain too far from Europe and too close to America" seems singularly lacking in realism. In fact, Blair has been guided by his moral principles and by his accurate judgment of the relative integrity of America and Europe. But if he had been acting simply on principles of *Realpolitik*, the answer would have been the same.

Let us now look at the positive aspect. Without the means of defending itself, and with its power, wealth, and numbers declining every year, the EU has no long-term future, and it is becoming startlingly obvious, anyway, that Britain has no long-term future in it.

Events have obliged Britain to act with the U.S. in Iraq and that is likely to remain the pattern. With the marginalization of the U.N., the disintegration of NATO, and the enfeeblement of the EU, the future of Britain seems more likely to be secure as part of a constellation of democratic states with common traditions of law, language, culture, and morality, grouped around the U.S. and including other English-speaking peoples such as the Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders. As English becomes even more a world language, the choice of participants will widen. An Atlantic free-trade union, including Britain, to which an Australasian and Pacific appendix (including, for instance, Singapore) would be added, seems the first, obvious step in this direction.

The U.S. will not allow its irritation with certain European states to influence its policy emotionally. Global policy must be determined by strict national interest. But this points increasingly to bringing the great Asian communities—India, China, and Japan—into America's plans for a peaceful and law-abiding world, for which a majestic combination of the English-speaking states will provide the democratic, military, and, indeed, moral leadership. NR

■ AT WAR

Fighting Fair and Foul

'Asymmetrical warfare' in the Land of Saddam

VICTOR DAVIS HANSON

We feed and heal Iraqi prisoners; they shoot ours—and sometimes their own who surrender. NBC and CNN reporters hector coalition generals in public press conferences; Ba'athist officers run coerced televised interrogations of our captured soldiers. American planes seek to avoid bombing civilians; Saddam Hussein uses them to shield his military targets. Our bombs are deliberately programmed to miss non-military targets; Iraqi silkworm missiles are launched indiscriminately into Kuwait City. We wear chemical-protection vests; the Republican Guard does not—secure in the knowledge that we will not do what they would. Our soldiers are careful to respect the lives of those surrendering; Iraqi irregulars feign submission to shoot their would-be captors. Marine checkpoints are designed to allow civilians to navigate the battle lines; Iraqi suicide taxis are used to blow apart the Marine sentries. What is going on?

Such asymmetrical notions of a "fair fight" derive not just from an invader's confidence in its overwhelming military superiority versus a defender's desperation and impotence, but also from conflicting philosophies of war. Coalition soldiers draw on an entirely different tradition of what armies can and cannot do. Where do these sometimes frustrating restrictions on our warmaking come from? The ancients believed that warfare was inherent in the human experience. Rather than undertaking the impossible and naïve task of outlawing conflict, they preferred to moderate the inevitable bloodletting—in hopes that civilians and soldiers alike could count on some common humanity in the chaos of killing.

Mr. Hanson's recent books include *Carnage and Culture* and *An Autumn of War*.

This legal and secular idea of "Rules of War" is an original Western concept that began with the Greeks' efforts to define the way soldiers should fight. Indeed, almost all of the military's present notions of moral warmaking—formal declaration and cessation of hostilities, armistices, treaties, respect for noncombatants, and the prohibitions of particularly odious weapons—derive from the Greeks and Romans. Sophocles' Antigone, for example, rebelled against Creon's edicts to leave her slain brother unburied on the grounds that such an outrage violated "the Laws of the Greeks," which sought in addition to protect prisoners, heralds, and the sanctity of religious sites and civilian centers. While such protocols were often ignored or broken—especially during the 27-year-long Peloponnesian War between Athens and Sparta—they still provided the foundations for everything from the Christian principle of *jus in bello* ("just war") to the Geneva Convention relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War adopted in 1949.

The evolution in moral thinking about the conduct of soldiers has accelerated in Western societies in the last few decades, partly as a result of the horrors of the 20th century, partly as a reflection of a vast, affluent consumer class that assumes a level of civility, security, and sheer comfort not dreamed of by earlier generations. Thus, revelations of occasional battlefield atrocities on the part of GIs in Korea or Vietnam convulsed American society in a manner that did not arise during the savage—and sometimes more macabre—island fighting of the Pacific theater in World War II.

How do such deeply entrenched ideas about war's proper conduct affect our soldiers in the field? Do they limit the military's daily efficacy or long-term operations? In the short term, yes; over the long haul, not necessarily. We have already suffered dozens of casualties due to our reluctance to shoot Ba'athist terrorists in civilian clothes or to pulverize deadly Republican Guard tanks parked at hospitals. That being said, the other half of the equation to the Western way of war—that is, our singular ability to kill the enemy—

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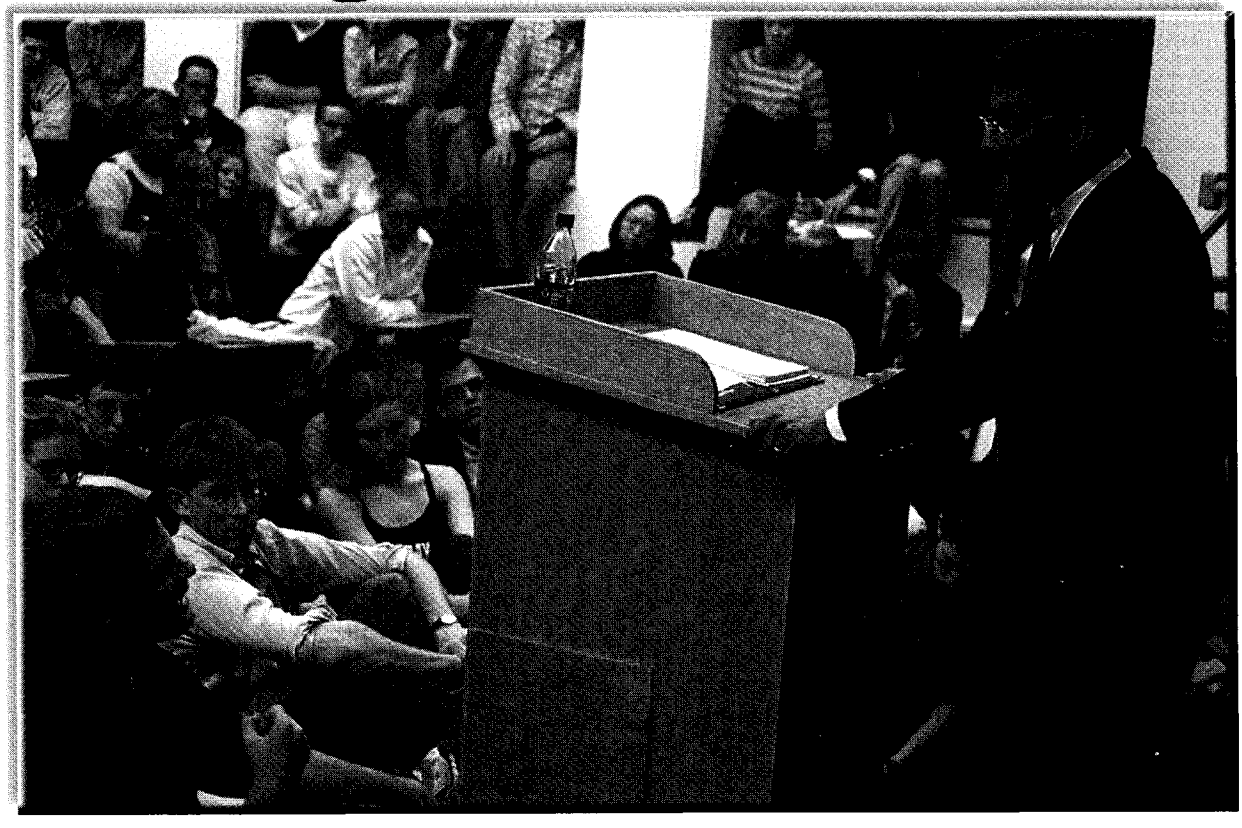

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is actually enhanced by such rules and protocols, which tend to allow overwhelming force to be unleashed without restraint against recognized combatants.

Ironically, the existence of such protocols has not always ameliorated the brutality of war. Westerners, it seems, *if* war was ratified by a representative government, *if* the enemy was notified that a state of war existed, *if* men in uniform attacked in a "fair fight," often have placed no limits on the degree of force used to achieve military victory. Thus while the U.S. military treated Japanese prisoners fairly and humanely—unlike the imperial government's own vicious torture and summary execution of American captives—the Western notion of military protocols still permitted the firebombing of Japan and the atomic attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. All were nominally legitimate targets by virtue of their military industries and troop concentrations.

Collateral damage—whether in the March 11, 1945, Tokyo fire raid or in the American bombing reprisal against Muammar Qaddafi's acts of terror—is not usually condemned in the same moral terms as the execution of American GIs in enemy prison camps. In the Western view of warfare, morality hinges not on the number killed but on the manner and conditions under which they are slain.

So the very nature of our military protocol—humane treatment of the captured, avoidance of deliberate targeting of civilians, and efforts to feed and protect noncombatants—historically has offset the unease that arises from the use of tremendous force. In other words, because we treat civilians and noncombatants in Iraq humanely, the world grudgingly accepts our use of the bunker busters, daisy cutters, and cruise missiles that obliterate Saddam's forces in a way that can be horrific. Aztecs who skinned and ate Spanish captives were met with brutal charges of mailed knights and harquebusiers. Zulus who tortured and executed the British survivors of Isandhlwana were eventually mowed down in a series of battles by cannon and volley fire. Acts of savagery against captives usually draw a much more terrifying response aimed at soldiers.

What frustrates our enemies in the Arab world—and many elites in the West—is precisely the openness and transparency of American society, which demands a code of conduct of our soldiers and thus legitimizes the frightening damage we do on the battlefield to enemy soldiers. And, in light of the enormous hurt our military can inflict on the enemy, further moral evolution in Western military jurisprudence is perhaps inevitable—even the questioning of not how we kill the enemy, but whether we should.

For example, in 1991, televised images of the so-called "Highway of Death" may have led to a premature end to the Gulf War. Hysterical cries that we were butchering "tens of thousands" went up across America, prompting calls to end hostilities—even though many of the fleeing were guilty of war crimes in Kuwait and went on in the weeks after to butcher innocent Shiites and Kurds. Postbellum analysis suggested that the Iraqi dead actually numbered in the hundreds; "thousands" of casualties there eventually were—but they were Iraqi civilians and insurrectionists whom we, in our own misplaced sense of humanity, failed to protect.

In the current war, the Iraqi propagandists sometimes inflate their combat losses; apparently they are willing to acknowledge military impotence to win world sympathy. Thus the danger of adherence to the Western military legal tradition is not the inconvenience and occasional endangerment it poses to our troops in the field, but its allowance for the use of overwhelming force against enemy soldiers. It is our very success at killing enemy soldiers in such numbers that will ultimately provoke moral outrage—are they not blameless teenage Iraqi conscripts? Cannot they be convinced by shock and awe, rather than death, to cease their opposition?

Such thinking is already starting to appear as Westerners question the need to bomb military targets in Baghdad, not just out of concern that there will be collateral damage, but because we are killing so many enemy soldiers. The ultimate evolution in our thinking, drawing on secular Socratic ethics, the religious tradition of turning the other cheek, and our own affluence and occasional naïveté, may well result in the belief that some of our own should die so that others who seek to kill them should not. And that would be a frightening—and ultimately suicidal—development indeed. **NR**

■ AT WAR

The Turkish Dilemma

This is no time to burn bridges with the only modern—semi-modern—Islamic country

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

As Anglo-American troops march relentlessly toward military victory in Iraq, American diplomats nervously contemplate the growing wave of hatred and suspicion toward the U.S. in the Islamic world. Some of this hatred is inspired by a false picture of the war in the Arab media and, as in Afghanistan, may be dissipated by postwar evidence that Iraqis are grateful to be rid of Saddam Hussein. But much of it is deeply rooted in the resentments of a decaying culture that blames the West for its own political and economic failures. And that is a much more intractable problem. Indeed, if the West is to overcome this hatred, Islamic culture will first have to overcome its own resentful inability to cope with modernity.

If that is to happen, we in turn will have to rely on Turkey—the only Islamic country that has yet successfully, if imperfectly, modernized itself—to lead the way. In the last month, however, the U.S. and Turkey have twice been at serious odds. And Washington is in danger of drawing wrong—and self-defeating—conclusions from these disputes.

The first U.S.–Turkish clash was over the failure of the Turkish parliament to pass a government-backed resolution allowing U.S. troops passage through Turkey into northern Iraq to open a second front against Saddam Hussein. William Safire in the *New York Times* blamed this defeat squarely on the new Turkish government of the Justice and Development party under its leader,

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You deserve a factual look at...

Arabian Fables (II)

More fanciful Arab myths to sway world opinion.

Earlier this year, we published our message, "Arabian Fables (I)", in which we made clear how the Arab propaganda machine creates myths and lies with which to misinform the world. We discussed the myths of the "Palestinians" and of the "West Bank" and the mythical concept of "occupied territories". In today's message, we shall address three more of these myths.

What are some of these myths?

Jerusalem ("Arab East Jerusalem"). The Arabs have assiduously propagated the myths that Jerusalem is an Arab capital, that (after Mecca and Medina) Jerusalem is their third holy city, and that it is intolerable to them that infidels (Jews) are in possession of it.

The reality of course is that Jerusalem was never an Arab capital and that it was, until the Jews revitalized it, a dusty provincial city that hardly played any economic, social, or political role. Jerusalem is mentioned hundreds of times in the Jewish Bible and has been the center of the Jewish faith and the focus of Jewish longing ever since the Romans destroyed the Temple in the early years of the first millenium. Not once is Jerusalem mentioned in the Koran.

> "The Arab propaganda machine has created myths that have been accepted by much of the world. No peace in the Middle East is possible until those Arab myths have been exposed for what they are!"

As to "East Jerusalem": There is East Saint Louis, there is East Hampton, and there used to be East Berlin, but, until the Arab propaganda machine created the concept, there was never in history an "East Jerusalem", let alone an "Arab East Jerusalem".

The eastern part of Jerusalem is now predominantly inhabited by Arabs, though their proportion is decreasing. But what is the reason for this? It is because the Jordanians destroyed all traces of Jewish presence from the eastern part of the city and drove all the Jews out during the 19 years (between 1948 and 1967) in which they were in occupation of the eastern part of the city. The world, informed by Arab propaganda, considers those Jews who wish to return to the eastern part of the city to be troublemakers or worse.

The concept of Jerusalem being a holy Arab city and the capital of whatever political entity the "Palestinians" may eventually form is a myth and so of course is the concept of "Arab East Jerusalem".

"Settlements". When Jordan came into possession of Judea/Samaria and the eastern part of Jerusalem, following the invasion of the newly-formed Jewish state, and stayed in occupation for 19 years, it systematically obliterated all Jewish villages in the area under their occupation, drove out the Jewish inhabitants, and left the area "judenrein" (free of Jews) – the first time that concept had been applied since the Nazis created it during their short and bloody reign in Germany. When the Israelis recovered these territories, they rebuilt these villages, created new ones, and built new towns and suburbs to existing cities, especially Jerusalem.

The Arabs decided to call these towns and villages "settlements", with their connotation of illegitimacy and impermanence. The world, including the United States, is much agitated over these population centers and, goaded by the Arabs, declares them to be impediments to peace. What nonsense! Nobody considers the tens of thousands of Arabs who continue to stream to these territories as impediments to peace.

The term "settlements", too, is a propaganda myth created by the Arabs.

"Refugees". In 1948, when six Arab armies invaded the Jewish state in order to destroy it on the very day of its birth, broadcasts by the advancing Arab armies appealed to the resident Arabs to leave their homes so as not to be in the way of the invaders. As soon as the "quick victory" was won, they could return to their homes and would also enjoy the loot from the Jews, who would have been driven into the sea. It didn't turn out quite that way. Those Arabs who, despite the urgings of the Jews to stay and to remain calm, foolishly left, became refugees. Those who decided not to yield to those blandishments are now, and have been for over 50 years, citizens of Israel, with all the same rights and privileges as their Jewish fellows.

But what happened to those refugees – by best estimates about 600,000 of them? Did their "Arab brethren" allow them to settle in their countries, to work, and to become productive citizens and useful members of their societies? No! They kept and still keep them, their children, their grandchildren, and in some cases even their great-grandchildren, in miserable "refugee camps", so that they can be used as political and military pawns in order to keep the burning hatred against Israel alive and in order to supply the manpower for the unremitting fight against Israel.

During those more than fifty years, Israel has taken in more than three million Jewish immigrants from all parts of the world and has integrated them productively into its society. According to the "Palestinians", the Arab "refugees" have now marvelously increased to five million(!). It is the intent and fervent desire of the Arabs that all of them should return to Israel so as to destroy the country without the necessity of war

The "refugees" are a red herring and another myth created by the Arab propaganda machine.

The Arab propaganda machine, aided by the most high-powered public relations firms in the United States and all over, has created myths that, by dint of constant repetition, have been accepted as truth by much of the world. No sensible discussion, no peace in the Middle East, is possible until those Arab myths have been exposed for what they are.

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Recep Tayyip Erdogan, who had "transformed [a] formerly staunch U.S. ally into Saddam's best friend."

Even making allowance for journalistic hyperbole, this charge is wide of the mark. Erdogan's party of Islamic conservatives was certainly split on helping the U.S. invade Iraq—not surprisingly, given that Turkish public opinion is 90 percent against the war. Some of the party's hard-line Islamist members rebelled and voted against the government. But while it would be psychologically comforting to blame them, and their party, for killing U.S.-Turkish cooperation from sinister Islamist motives, that is not what happened: The resolution lost because the parliamentary opposition, a secular party devoted to preserving the "modernizing" legacy of Kemal Ataturk, voted in lockstep against it. And its fate was sealed when the Turkish general staff refused to publicly endorse the government's brave decision before the vote. Yet both the opposition and the generals are strongly in favor of the measure—privately.

So why did they renege? There is no lack of explanations. Commentator Michael Ledeen quotes a source he thinks both reliable and knowledgeable to the effect that France and Germany leaned heavily on the opposition to vote against the measure. The opposition and the army are also deeply hostile to the ruling party, viewing it as an Islamist threat to secularism; and they knew that helping the U.S. to invade Iraq was very unpopular with the voters. They balked—and U.S.-Turkish relations began to falter.

The second crisis followed almost automatically. The U.S. began pressing for a second resolution to reverse the defeat of the first. But the realities of Turkish politics got in the way. The new government had been elected on a platform of rescuing Turkish democracy from a corrupt political elite. It could hardly reverse a parliamentary vote overnight without looking both undemocratic and corrupt. The Turkish parliament eventually passed a second motion—but one that fell short of U.S. expectations. It proposed to allow the U.S. not a land passage into Iraq but military over-flights—and also to authorize the Turkish army to enter northern Iraq.

That immediately rang alarm bells. Safire described it as "Erdogan's cover story for an oil grab," and fear spread through Washington that the Turks would invade northern Iraq to repress the Kurds and seize the oil fields. What was overlooked in this burst of anxiety was that the Turks have legitimate interests in northern Iraq: Turkey was effectively cheated of the old Ottoman vilayet of Mosul in the 1920s—as J. B. Kelly outlined in NATIONAL REVIEW a decade ago. There is a large Turcoman population in the region that looks to Ankara for protection. And the Turkish army is worried that an independent Kurdistan would destabilize Turkey's own Kurdish areas and even provide a safe haven for a revived Kurdish terrorism. So their desire to influence any final settlement is not unreasonable.

The Bush administration is famous for holding grudges. It would be a serious mistake, however, to penalize Turkey for what happened.

At the same time, Turkey has been wary of involving itself in the Middle East since Ataturk imposed a European identity on his countrymen. And although U.S.-Turkish negotiations continue—Colin Powell left for Ankara in early April—it is likely that Turkey will forego any direct intervention in Iraq in return for a say in the peace settlement and a share in the oil royalties that it sold for £500,000 in 1926. If so, the Erdogan government will have passed an important test.

But the Turkish refusal to help the U.S. start a second front rankles in Washington. Two influential congressmen—Henry Hyde and Tom Lantos—have proposed a reduction in the $1 billion aid package for Turkey now in the works. And the Bush administration is famous for holding grudges. It would be a serious mistake, however, to penalize Turkey for what happened. To begin with, U.S. diplomacy is not guiltless. Washington first took the Turks for granted, then tried to buy them off, and finally resorted to simple bullying: none of which was calculated to appeal to a proud people like the Turks. Second, Turkey's prosperity, stability, and friendship are vital American assets—the U.S. would sneeze if Turkey caught a cold.

Turkey is at the strategic meeting point of Asia, Europe, and the Middle East. It is a serious military power—after Britain and France probably the most serious military power in Europe. It is a loyal member of NATO with a long record of supporting the U.S. in NATO councils. It has a young and talented population. It possesses a vibrant entrepreneurial economy—held back, admittedly, by inflationary finance and government corruption, but capable of growing rapidly once these are tackled. Above all, it is a unique blend of secular democracy and Islamic society—and that makes it a vital asset in the continuing war between the West and Islamist radicalism.

The West can wage only half that war from its own resources—namely, by doing what it has done in Afghanistan and is doing in Iraq. The other half is the battle of ideas within the Islamic world over the terms on which Islam should coexist with other religions and civilizations. That war must be fought mainly by Muslims; all we can do is help. In the aftermath of World War II, the U.S.—through the CIA—laid the groundwork for a long campaign of intellectual and political resistance to Communism in Europe. In general, CIA operatives preferred to help the "non-Communist Left," even though it was the Christian Democrats and conservatives who most effectively opposed Communism. They regarded the NCL as a sort of "swing vote" between Communism and democracy. And that strategy worked. Communism was first contained militarily, then defeated intellectually, and next outcompeted economically until it finally collapsed of its own internal contradictions.

Mounting a similar campaign in the Muslim world would face much steeper

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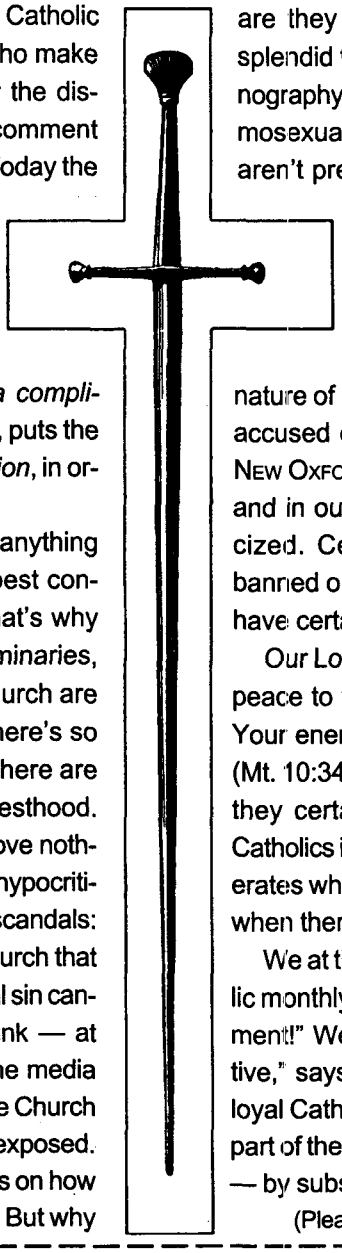
The Civil War in The Catholic Church



There's a civil war going on in the Catholic Church, and often it's the moderates who make it most difficult to achieve victory over the dissenters and heretics. Consider this comment from a prominent moderate Catholic: "Today the criticism is heard that the Catholic Church...*will permit almost anything in teaching or practice* so long as one does not formally break communion with the Church. There is truth in that, although I think it not a criticism *but a compliment*.... The Church bends every effort, puts the *best construction on every deviant opinion*, in order to avoid...schism" (italics added).

Yes, the Church does permit almost anything in teaching or practice, and puts the best construction on every deviant opinion. That's why Catholic schools, religious orders, seminaries, and the middle management of the Church are dominated by dissenters, that's why there's so much liturgical abuse, and that's why there are so many ghastly sex scandals in the priesthood.

As for the sex scandals: The media love nothing more than to make the Church look hypocritical. But the media are right about those scandals: The Church *has* been hypocritical. A Church that regards homosexual behavior as a mortal sin cannot wink — cannot even appear to wink — at priestly pederasts. It's a blessing that the media have ripped the veil off the moral rot in the Church — and there's more rot that needs to be exposed.

The Church has wonderful documents on how the Mass is to be reverently celebrated. But why are they often neglected? The Church also has splendid teachings on premarital sex, adultery, pornography, contraception, abortion, not to mention homosexuality. But, with admirable exceptions, they aren't preached or taught, or they're even contradicted. Or they're only given lip service, and the final say is given to personal convenience: "Just follow your conscience." It's just a big charade.

Now, if you point out the make-believe nature of much of American Catholicism, you will be accused of being negative and divisive. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW have pointed it out in our pages and in our hard-hitting ads. And we've been ostracized. Certain liberal Catholic periodicals have banned our trademark ads from their pages, and so have certain centrist ones.

Our Lord said, "Don't imagine that I came to bring peace to the earth! No, I came to bring a sword.... Your enemies will be right in your own household!" (Mt. 10:34,36). These are not comfortable words, but they certainly speak to the situation of orthodox Catholics in the Household of Faith today. Those moderates who deny it are simply crying "'peace, peace!' when there is no peace" (Jer. 8:11).

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hurdles. The struggle between Communism and democracy was a Western civil war; we knew the terrain. In seeking to reconcile Islam with modernity, we are on foreign ground. It is absolutely vital that we recruit the right allies. Our natural philosophical allies are the small minority of secularized Arab intellectuals and the only slightly larger liberal Muslim intelligentsia. Nor should we refuse their help. But if we rely solely on them, we will alienate most Muslims and by degrees lose the battle to the radical Islamists.

If we are to reconcile the West and the Muslim world on a basis of equality and mutual respect, we will need the support and sympathy of the Muslim equivalent of the NCL: the Muslim clerics and intellectuals who believe that their societies should be both democratic and at least outwardly pious. These are the "swing vote" of Islam. Winning their support may look a bleak prospect while the war continues; in the longer term, however, it is far from impossible. A decade ago, British historian Noel Malcolm described how Turkish society—which is 90 percent Muslim—was struggling to reconcile its Kemalist secular legacy with the rise of Refah, a precursor to the J&D party. He sympathized with those observers who believed that Refah "should be seen not as an unchanging and irresistible force, but as a political organism which will adapt to political pressures. They believe that it will abandon its more controversial policies (such as withdrawal from NATO) and settle on a program that one leading Turkish historian described . . . as 'social conservatism.'"

Malcolm and his informants proved correct: The J&D party has since adopted support for both NATO and the EU—and abandoned any idea of imposing Islamic law on Turkish society. It is now social conservatism in a fez or headscarf. If Turkey manages to be a Western ally, a Muslim society, and a secular democracy as a result, it may be the bridge between two worlds. And when the scenes from Iraq are—however unreasonably—driving those two worlds apart, this is no time to burn bridges. Not with Turkey, and not with Erdogan and his party. NR

■ AT WAR

A New Horror of War

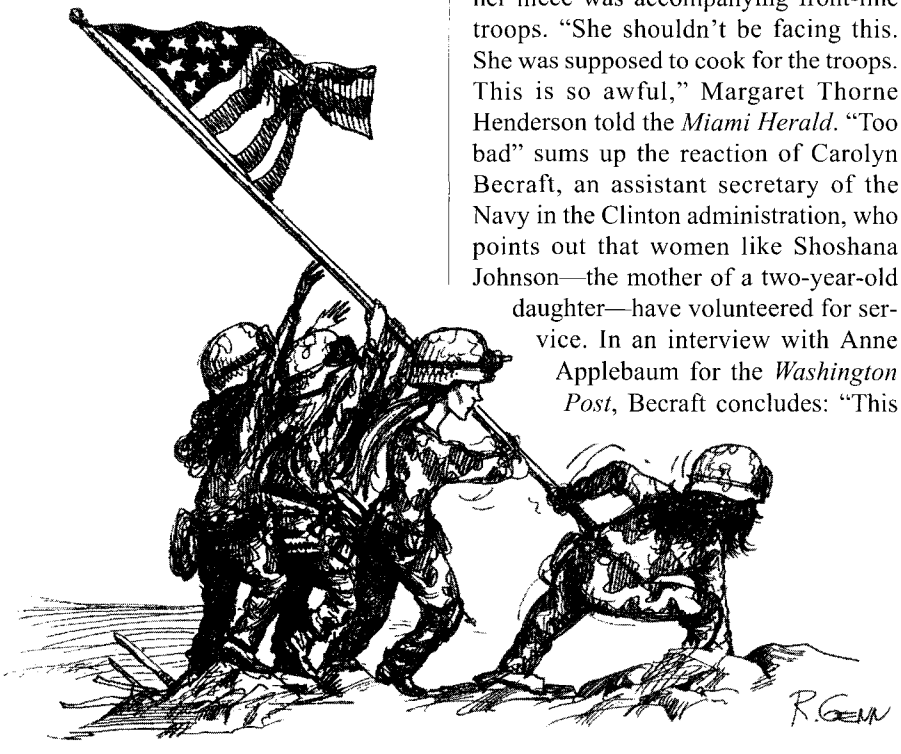
What kind of country sends its girls and mothers into combat?

KATE O'BEIRNE

FROM the comfortable safety of editorial offices, the capture of Specialist Shoshana Johnson by Iraqi irregulars is heralded as a welcome opportunity for someone else's daughter to face violent abuse or a horrific death on "equal footing" with the men in her company. In its editorial, "The Pinking of the Armed Forces," the *New York Times* laments that even more military women don't face a lethal threat, because the United States "is simply a laggard on the topic of women in combat." In a *Washington Post* op-ed, the normally sensible Anne Applebaum declares that "the argument about women in combat is over," since two female sailors were killed in the bombing of the USS *Cole*, women are engaging the enemy in Iraq, and "American civilization has not collapsed as a result."

So women soldiers are just like men soldiers, right? Wrong. Some are now arguing that the military—just like law firms and newsrooms—should get with the program and accommodate young mothers by offering generous leaves and sparing them deployments.

Just as war plans typically don't survive contact with the enemy, the ill-informed, ideologically driven case for women in combat, calling simultaneously for equal rights and special treatment, can't survive the facts on the ground. The indisputable fact is that military women are facing unprecedented danger in Iraq in the absence of a serious national debate about their appropriate wartime role. Soldiers' families are clearly unaware of the Clinton-era policy changes that have conferred feminist-icon status on their threatened loved ones: Spec. Johnson's younger sister explains that Shoshana, who joined the Army to train as a chef, never expected to be in such jeopardy, and her aunt, an Air Force veteran, expressed shock that her niece was accompanying front-line troops. "She shouldn't be facing this. She was supposed to cook for the troops. This is so awful," Margaret Thorne Henderson told the *Miami Herald*. "Too bad" sums up the reaction of Carolyn Becraft, an assistant secretary of the Navy in the Clinton administration, who points out that women like Shoshana Johnson—the mother of a two-year-old daughter—have volunteered for service. In an interview with Anne Applebaum for the *Washington Post*, Becraft concludes: "This



ROMAN GENN

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is their job. These are the conditions of their employment."

While Becraft boldly asserts that young women exposed to the brutality of the enemy are merely getting what they are underpaid for, the argument that a civilized nation doesn't send teenage girls and mothers to engage in hostilities to advance an equal-opportunity agenda is made sotto voce. "Very far off the record, one high-ranking Pentagon official" sheepishly admits to Applebaum that he is troubled by images of mothers hugging their babies before heading to the Gulf. "We're the United States of America. How can we ask a young woman to leave her infant?" the official anonymously asks.

Not so long ago, military leaders reflected American values by openly expressing their opposition to placing women in mortal danger on the battlefield. In early 1992, the heads of each service argued against integrating their combat forces. Former Air Force chief of staff Merrill McPeak told the "Women in Combat" Presidential Commission (on which I served) that he believed "old men shouldn't send young women to war." But—illogically—their sex scandals and—ironically—their battlefield successes soon combined to cause the services to raise a white flag in the Pentagon's gender wars and acquiesce in assigning women to the bulk of combat specialties.

At the end of the Vietnam War, when it was understood that brutal combat was what the military did for a living, women made up about 2 percent of the armed forces. Although women were barred from serving in any combat positions, the number of women on active duty in the all-volunteer force gradually increased during the relative peace of the next 30 years. Women now represent 6 percent of the Marine Corps, 13 and 16 percent respectively of the Navy and Army, and 18 percent of the Air Force.

The novelty of deploying 40,000 women to the Persian Gulf for a successful four-day ground war in 1991 prompted calls to integrate now supposedly "battle-tested" female personnel into combat positions. A presidential commission was appointed to study the role of women in the military, so that, in Sen. John McCain's words, there would be no "rush ahead without proper study and a national consensus." While Congress was repealing the ban on women serving in combat aircraft—and establishing the commission to advise the Pentagon on the advisability of repealing limits on women's service—the Navy was under feminist assault in the wake of its 1991 Tailhook convention in Las Vegas. The feminists quickly concluded that the remedy for the sexual mistreatment of women who had attended that drunken bacchanal was for the military to expose servicewomen to violence at the hands of the enemy by putting them in combat positions. Navy brass surrendered and agreed to integrate combat ships, with the exception of submarines.

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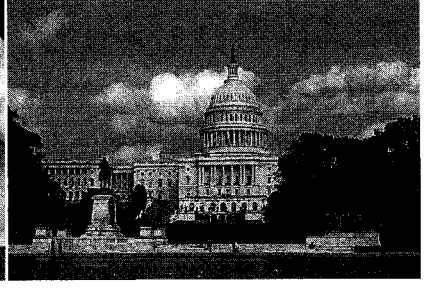

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Within a year, the commission's findings—among them, that women could be expected to bring lower deployment rates, higher attrition, less physical strength, more sexual activity, and higher costs to mixed-gender units—were gathering dust in the Pentagon offices of Clinton appointees. In 1993, combat ships and planes were integrated. With equal opportunity all the rage under the Pentagon's new management, the following year, defense secretary Les Aspin revoked the "risk rule" that had protected women in combat-support positions from the perils of direct combat.

Thus, Spec. Shoshana Johnson is the first female POW under the Clinton policy. Clinton's military legacy also includes those who are missing from her maintenance company ever since it took that fatal wrong turn near Nasiriya on March 23—among them Pfc. Lori Piestewa, a 23-year-old mother with a four-year-old son and three-year-old daughter.

Although Pentagon studies consistently find that only about 10 percent of enlisted women are interested in volunteering for combat, the changes promoted by feminist advocates have exposed large numbers of them to the perils of front-line troops. Supporters of women in combat typically argue that, since military women are deployed near fluid battlefields that expose them to danger, it is unrealistic to try to protect them—so they might as well serve in direct combat. But the fate of brave young women like Shoshana, Jessica, and Lori should prompt the debate on women in the military that was short-circuited in the peaceful past. It is, after all, up to the American public, on whose behalf they serve, whether our defense should rest on the shoulders of teenage girls and unwitting young mothers.

As we go to press, there are reports that two shallow graves, containing the remains of four American soldiers, were found near a "hospital" in the vicinity of Nasiriya. One body was reportedly "brutalized and mutilated." Inside the hospital, U.S. Marines found bloodied pieces of an American female soldier's uniform. Her name badge and American flag were missing. NR

■ AT WAR

It's Getting a Little Drafty

Our armed forces need expansion. How to go about it?

STANLEY KURTZ

We need more troops. Ever since the Clinton administration drew down our military, while simultaneously undertaking humanitarian interventions in places like Haiti, Bosnia, and Kosovo, our armed forces have been overstretched. During the Clinton years, despite our stated doctrine, America lost the capacity to fight major wars in two theaters at once. Surely that lost capacity encouraged North Korean provocations during the run-up to our invasion of Iraq. Since 9/11, continued deployments in Afghanistan, counterterrorism operations throughout the world, and increased demands for "force protection" (guarding military installations, power plants, etc., from terrorist attack) have strained our armed forces still further.

The military has resorted to a variety of strategies to address the problem. The Pentagon has issued "stop loss" orders, forbidding troops in some job categories to resign. In January, the Marines put a stop-loss order on the entire service. As Nicholas Confessore pointed out in *The Washington Monthly*, "large swathes of the U.S. military . . . no longer meet the definition of a volunteer force."

Additionally, training and education requirements have been lowered to help meet recruitment quotas. And the Reserves—many of whom are firemen, policemen, nurses, and other first-responders who will be needed at home in the event of terrorism on our soil—have been called up repeatedly for overseas service. With Reserve duty now turning into de facto full-time enlistment, the Reserves found themselves unable to meet their recruiting goals in January and February.

Mr. Kurtz is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution.

These problems are serious, but an occupation of Iraq, in conjunction with possible war in North Korea, will create a full-fledged military manpower crisis. With even conservative estimates of the number of American troops needed to police a postwar Iraq running to 60–75,000, we will simply not have enough personnel left to handle the ongoing war on terror. In short, we need more troops.

How can we get them? With Rep. Charles Rangel using the specter of a draft to rally the public against the war, and recruiters barely making their quotas, the president appears to be in a trap. Yet a politically unpopular draft may not be the only solution to our manpower problem. Congress recently approved a bipartisan proposal by Sens. Evan Bayh (D., Ind.) and John McCain (R., Ariz.) establishing an 18-month enlistment option, targeted at college students. This 18-month enlistment would be followed by a period of service in the Reserves.

Although the idea of "citizen soldiers" has garnered bipartisan support in Congress, its key advocates are Marc Magee and Steven Nider of the Progressive Policy Institute, a think tank affiliated with the politically moderate Democratic Leadership Council. PPI's interest in citizen soldiers is part of a broader enthusiasm among moderate Democrats for civilian volunteer programs, such as President Clinton's AmeriCorps and the current presi-

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dent's proposed Freedom Corps.

Many conservatives are ambivalent about such ventures—they want to encourage an ethic of service, but would prefer private volunteerism to government-run programs. Yet conservative Republicans and moderate Democrats can at least agree on the need to encourage service in our nation's armed forces. Magee and Nider deserve credit for rising to the challenge of how to staff our overstretched military, when conservatives have generally avoided the issue.

How can a citizen-soldier track solve the military's recruitment problems? The answer is college. The military has done a good job of turning itself into a major career choice for high-school graduates. But ever higher numbers of Americans are now going to college, and the typical college student is planning on a civilian career. Research conducted by the respected military sociologist Charles Moskos shows that even increased financial incentives can't get college students to sign up; but shortening the four-year enlistment period can. With an 18-month enlistment, college students can serve while also staying on track for a good non-military career.

An 18-month track directed at college students could solve a number of problems at once. It would raise the overall education level of our recruits (and at least some of the citizen soldiers would probably change their minds and decide to make the military a career). A citizen-soldier track would also quiet complaints about the lack of shared sacrifice. Rep. Rangel has claimed that minorities are overrepresented in our armed forces, but he is mistaken. There is, however, a real dearth of relatively affluent, college-educated recruits. It would be good for the army—and for the country—to have people from all walks of life in the armed services.

How can a citizen-soldier track solve the military's recruitment problems? The answer is college.

Sounds promising, but the Pentagon is not impressed, and Sen. McCain is worried that the services will refuse to fund the new enlistment track at a level that will enable it to prove its worth. The military's objections are understandable. As it stands, funding for the program will have to come out of the Pentagon's current recruitment budget. Sensibly enough, the Pentagon is reluctant to tamper with an already fragile recruitment system for the sake of an unproven experiment.

Today's high-tech army requires soldiers to go through lengthy and expensive training. Advocates of the citizen-soldier track counter that there are many entry-level military jobs that require only a few months of training. That's true, but every entry-level post taken up by a short-term enlistee blocks a career soldier from accumulating real experience for the long term. No wonder the military is less than enthusiastic about citizen soldiers.

Officials are assuming, however, that the military recruiting budget will remain

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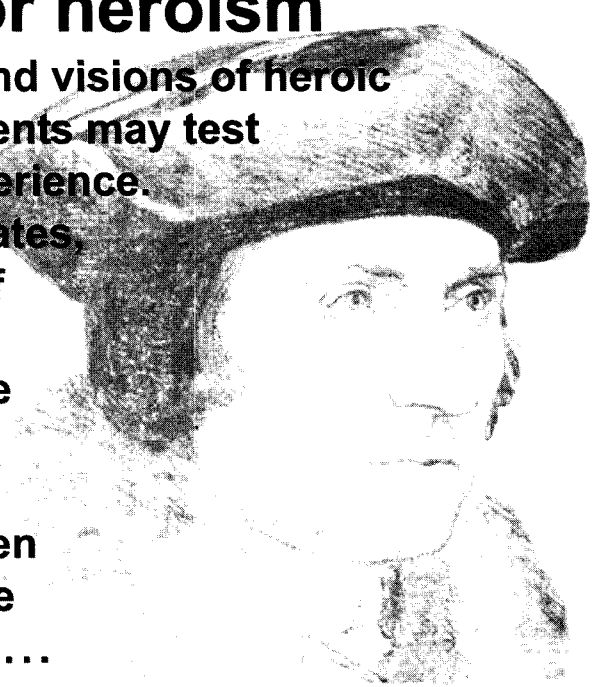
makes available models and visions of heroic action against which students may test their own actions and experience. As Jacques Maritain indicates, poetry "is the secret life of each and all the arts": all the disciplines are in some sense translations of a common *poetic* insight, an intuitive source too often ignored or forgotten by the rationalistic, secular mind . . .



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a zero-sum game. Until now, Progressive Policy Institute scholars Marc Magee and Steven Nider have advertised citizen soldiers as a way to make the military more representative of the country. But what we really need is to make the military bigger. Once the Pentagon sees a citizen-soldier track that could add to the current force structure, without undercutting the training of career soldiers, it will probably warm to the idea.

Following the war in Iraq, we're going to need military police, and here's where the citizen soldiers could be of real help. MPs can be trained quickly, and short-term recruits can serve under the direction of experienced peacekeepers. The question is, will college kids sign up for short-term stints as military police in an occupied Iraq? True, our American soldiers in Iraq may get shot at. All things considered, however, the job will be less dangerous and demanding than front-line soldiering. And there will be the chance, not only to serve America, but to do good works for the people of Iraq. If we can recruit a substantial number of military police from the ranks of college kids, our regular troops can get out of the business of nation-building and turn their attention to serious fighting.

Of course, any enlistment program geared to college students will run into prohibitions on military recruiting at our best colleges. Many elite colleges now ban the military from campus, supposedly because of the "don't ask, don't tell" policy (though most of these schools have banned ROTC since the Vietnam War). The "Solomon Amendment" gives the Pentagon the power to revoke federal aid from schools that ban the military, but so far the Department of Defense has been reluctant to bring the hammer down on our elite universities.

The time for a showdown with our elite colleges has come. (And unless their support for our troops is hypocritical, won't Rep. Rangel and his supporters have to join conservatives in this battle?) In a world of looming military challenges, the citizen-soldier program may be our last chance to expand the armed forces without a draft. The military battle in Iraq will force a cultural battle at home. The days when the academy could lock out the men and women who keep us safe and free are over. NR

■ AT WAR

Balkan Ghosts

Mistakes of the Clinton team, mistakes of the Bush team

ANDREW J. BACEVICH

In 1999, President Clinton took the United States into war confident that Slobodan Milosevic would yield in a matter of days. The Serb forces were more like gangs of roaming thugs than a real army. And as for Milosevic's regime, it was essentially a criminal enterprise, lacking real legitimacy. Who would be willing to die for such a cause?

But Clinton and his lieutenants misgauged both their adversary and the character of the war on which they had embarked. The Serbs, by husbanding their air defenses, breaking up into small units, and concealing their heavy weapons in villages, proved to be an elusive quarry. Rather than seeing the start of Operation Allied Force as a sure sign of their coming defeat, they used it as a pretext to accelerate a vicious campaign of ethnic cleansing, creating a flood of refugees that caught the U.S. and its allies flatfooted. Worse, whatever their views on Milosevic, the Serbian people turned out to feel even less kindly toward the foreigners bombing their country. Massive anti-American and anti-NATO demonstrations filled the streets of Belgrade.

The war in Kosovo proved to be a far more complicated affair than had been anticipated or advertised.

With resources far exceeding those of tiny Serbia, the United States and its allies eventually prevailed. But doing so required not a limited air campaign of a few days, but eleven weeks of increasingly intense bombing. To break Serb resistance, Clinton ordered sustained attacks on Belgrade itself, producing images very much at odds with the war's proclaimed humanitarian rationale. Victory entailed the killing of several hundred Serb civilians.

In all, the war—and the occupation of Kosovo that followed—proved to be a far more complicated affair than had been anticipated or advertised. Though Clinton refused to acknowledge the fact, it qualified at best as something of a Pyrrhic victory, with NATO solidarity badly frayed, China up in arms over the bombing of its embassy, and the returning Kosovars launching a campaign of anti-Serb ethnic retribution.

Conservatives expected that the return of Republicans to power would change all of this. A plainspoken, no-nonsense George W. Bush took the place of the erratic, undisciplined Clinton. The national-security team that Bush recruited—led by Colin Powell, Donald Rumsfeld, and Condoleezza Rice, and supported by deputies like Paul Wolfowitz and Richard Armitage—came to office with gilt-edged resumes. Effective January 20, 2001, it was felt, amateur hour would come to an end.

Then came Operation Iraqi Freedom.

Let there be no mistake: Just as Clinton won his war in Kosovo, Bush will win his in Iraq. Only a lapse in political resolve could change the outcome, and President Bush shows no signs of cracking. But, no matter what the White House and Pentagon say, this administration—like its predecessor—seriously misjudged both its adversary and the character of the war itself. Indeed, to an embarrassing degree, its errors actually parallel those of the Clintonites in Kosovo.

The projected lightning campaign became something more akin to a slugging match. American and British troops had expected to be hailed as liberators; instead they met impressive resistance. A conventional fight (always the American strong suit) assumed a dis-

Mr. Bacevich is professor of international relations at Boston University and the author of *American Empire: The Realities and Consequences of U.S. Diplomacy.*

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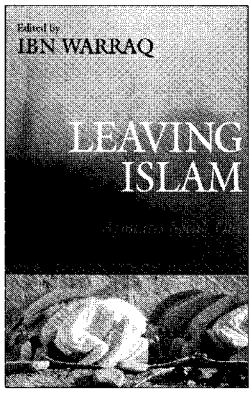

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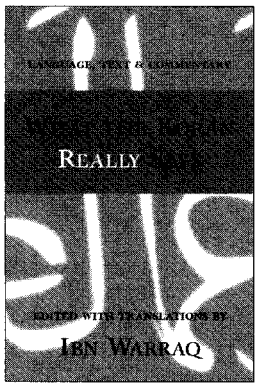

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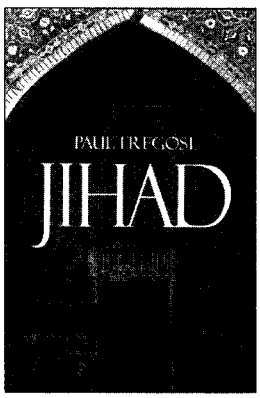

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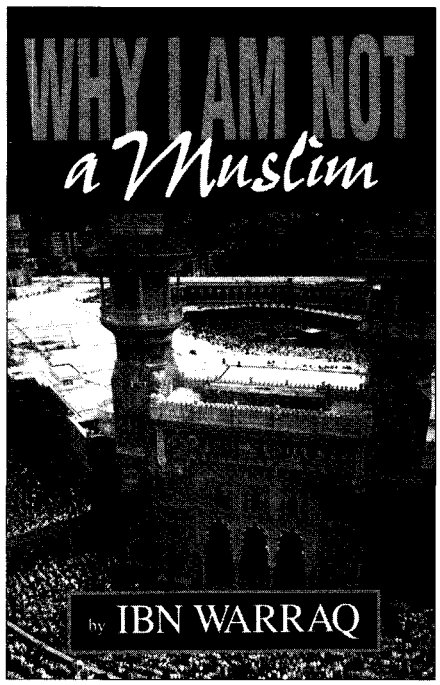

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Foreword by R. Joseph Hoffmann

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turbingly unconventional cast as irregulars and even suicide bombers harassed rear areas. "What we were really hoping," commented a chagrined U.S. Marine general a week into the ground war, "was to just go through and everyone would wave flags and stuff."

As that expectation faded and the tempo of the Anglo-American advance on Baghdad slowed, the Bush administration suddenly faced the prospect of a more protracted, more costly, and more destructive war. And while the final outcome was never in doubt, the political consequences of the war began to look increasingly problematic. Billed as an essential first step toward bringing democracy to the entire Middle East, Operation Iraqi Freedom seemed increasingly likely to harden Arab antagonism against the United States.

How could the shrewd and hardheaded strategists of the Bush administration have fallen prey to errors that, during the Clinton era, they had loudly (and rightly) denounced?

First, and especially in the realm of precision technology, we have allowed ourselves to become too clever by half. As with Clinton in the Balkans, so too with Bush in the Persian Gulf. Thus, in spite of frequently voiced threats to employ overwhelming force, the plan actually implemented by U.S. Central Command strongly hoped that a calibrated strike would suffice to topple Saddam Hussein's regime. "Decapitation" combined with "shock and awe" would from the outset render the enemy essentially unable to orchestrate serious resistance. A corrupt, rotten regime would collapse from within. For all practical purposes, the enemy would succumb even before the battle was fully engaged.

This was a bold and imaginative conception of warfare. But it met with only partial success, at best. As a practical matter, whether or not the initial strikes killed or wounded Saddam Hussein, the Ba'ath regime soon regained its bearings and its control over Iraqi forces. Even the most sophisticated precision weapons have not turned war into a precise and predictable business.

Second, we credit ourselves with a capacity not only to measure but also to manipulate the enemy's willingness to fight. Like the Clinton team in Kosovo, the Bush administration convinced itself that no sane person would willingly risk loss of life or limb to defend a "doomed regime." In this instance, the Pentagon orchestrated a psychological operations effort unprecedented in scope and duration to persuade Iraqis to do what Secretary Rumsfeld called the "honorable thing"—that is, to lay down their arms.

Again, the results fell well short of expectations. After all, surrendering without a fight in the face of a foreign invader is the very antithesis of soldierly honor. Moreover, history is replete with examples of people dying in very large numbers for doomed regimes, even for remarkably bad causes like Nazi Germany and Stalinist Russia. The truth is that until the shooting starts, we haven't a clue about the level of resistance we will face.

Third, to make operational problems more manageable, we tend to simplify the political context in which those operations are to occur—that is, to subordinate political to military considerations. This invites wishful thinking: The issue is seen as one of good versus evil, with other nations expected to set their course accordingly.

In Turkey, however, this simplified political context plainly did not wash. Both domestic political developments (the recent election of a quasi-Islamist government) and security considerations (longstanding concerns about potential Kurdish autonomy) loomed at least as large as the threat posed by Saddam. The result was a major diplomatic setback: Washington failed in its efforts to persuade Ankara to let U.S. forces stage through Turkey into northern Iraq. That failure, in turn, dealt a crippling blow to U.S. plans to draw a noose of mechanized forces around Baghdad, and necessitated an operational pause so that other heavy formations could arrive to reinforce the overstretched Third Infantry Division.

Again: None of these errors is likely to change the war's final outcome (whose timing we cannot know). But the opening phases of Operation Iraqi Freedom ought to temper conservative expectations about just what "marrying American military power to American ideals" can accomplish, and at what cost. **NR**

■ **AT WAR**

Lancers, Fusiliers, Rats . . .

The ongoing glory of the British regiment

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

WHEN the British, over 40,000 strong, arrived in the Persian Gulf, they brought more than troops, hardware, support staff, and supplies. There was history, too, in their baggage. One need look no further than the names of just some of the units now deployed in the war—storied regiments with lineages that stretch back through the centuries, from Kuwait to Normandy, the Somme, the Crimea, and often far past.

The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (the successors of a regiment that served in Afghanistan, but in 1879–80) are in the Gulf for the war against Saddam, and so, to pick out but a few more, are the Black Watch (whose battle honors include, ahem, a "successful action" in Brooklyn, N.Y., against one George Washington), the Life Guards (who first saw action in 1685), and that enduring symbol of Churchill's defiance and determination, the Parachute Regiment.

Each British regiment usually specializes in a specific type of soldiering. There are, for example, artillery, infantry, armored, and engineering (the "sappers") regiments—but when they go to war they are joined together in larger formations, "much like," a brigadier explained to me, "the way in which the different sections, woodwind, strings, and so on, are combined to make up an orchestra." This orchestra is one that often reprises the past: Much of the move across the sands towards Basra has been

Mr. Stuttaford is a contributing editor of National Review Online.

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led by formations grouped together into the 7th Armoured Brigade, a unit that still wears the insignia of the "Desert Rat," that strange scrawny rodent that became a symbol of strange scrawny Monty's World War II triumphs in North Africa.

A Desert Rat fires at Iraqi forces in Basra

REUTERS

British history, it seems, is not ready to end quite yet. Who would have thought it? When, more than 20 years ago, the "task force," Margaret Thatcher's marvelous makeshift armada, returned from its Falklands victory to cheers, tears, and Union Jacks on the quayside, Brits were told that it was, at last, goodbye to all that. The curtain had fallen, chaps, and there was no time for an encore. The rascally, glittering, wicked, and glorious age of empire was finally done, finished, buried, and anathematized—exchanged for the obligations of a grayer, more sober era.

And so, it seemed, was the British military. The downsized heirs of Kipling's rough-and-tumble conquistadors were destined now for the shrunken campaigns of a mid-sized European power, fighting budget cuts at home, terrorists in Belfast, and boredom in West Germany as they waited, and watched, and waited some more for the Red Army that never came.

After the Wall came down, so did the money that the U.K. was prepared to spend on its military. A defense "review," carrying the sort of bland, vaguely threatening name—"Options for Change"—that is more McKinsey & Co. than Sandhurst, saw the size of the army reduced by a little under one-third: to not much more than 100,000 men. Regiments were merged or disbanded, often with startlingly little sentiment. To take just one example, the 16th/5th Lancers, a regiment with roots that stretched back over 300 years, led the way into Iraq in February 1991, yet with-

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in two years found its proud name on the scrap pile, lost in a merger with little patience for the past.

Yet, somehow, the past has endured, taught in every recruit's basic training and nourished by a system that is the British army's greatest strength: the regiment. To borrow the words of Field Marshal Wavell, "The regiment is the foundation of everything." The concept of the regiment stems from the fact that recruitment was once organized on a local basis, but its survival as an institution owes a great deal to one crucial psychological insight: Men may enlist to serve their country, but they will fight hardest to protect their friends. Most British soldiers spend their entire career within the same regiment—over the years it becomes their principal source of friendship, their clan, their community, almost a surrogate family.

This sense of community is intensified still further by the British army's perception of itself as a caste set somewhat apart from the rest of society. Currently the army is, as it has been for much of British history, made up entirely of volunteers. The notion of the citizen soldier has been rejected in favor of the creation of a smallish force of highly trained professionals. This professionalism is a source of enormous pride to the troops, something Donald Rumsfeld may have discovered if he paid heed to Sgt. McMenamy of the Queen's Royal Lancers in early March. After hearing misinterpreted reports that the defense secretary was considering either leaving the Brits behind or giving them a secondary role in the coming conflict, the sergeant (described by the London *Times* as an "intimidating figure") was quoted as saying: "We are second to none, so it's a bit cheeky to suggest we can't be trusted to fight in the front line." ("A bit cheeky," let's be clear, is a classic example of British understatement.)

Like any community, the regiment has its own institutional memory that, added to the shared experience of highly intensive training and active duty, binds together the current generation and develops a sense of collective identity far more effectively than abstract notions of patriotism ever could. Visit the headquarters of a British regiment, and there will almost certainly be a museum dedicated to its past campaigns; dine in its officers' mess and you will, in all probability, eat amid the portraits and the heirlooms of those who came before—silver from India, perhaps, or a tattered banner from one of Napoleon's lost legions.

Even the regiments that have been merged or amalgamated away into bureaucratic oblivion still manage to live on in the souls of their successors. Take the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, which is now with the Desert Rats in Iraq. Its men celebrate their regimental forebears—the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers, the City of London Regiment, and the Lancashire Fusiliers—on four separate days each year (for Gallipoli, Normandy, Albuhera, and Minden). These honored ancestors are the insistent ghosts of countless past glories, and it would not do to let them down.

Today's warriors, the latest in a long line of British expeditionary forces, as they march through a dusty landscape not so different from the battlefields of Victoria's old empire, are fighting for the honor of their clan, for its past, and for its totems. For some of the men, a former captain in the Irish Guards told me, it's a little "like playing for a famous football team." And would a little scrap of cloth bearing the caricature of a rat really mean something to those who wore it? "Oh yes," he said. Another officer agreed, particularly for those who fought together as Desert Rats in the last Gulf War, but stressed that much of the attention on that famous rodent has been a media creation, a hook to catch the attention of the wider British public, to whom the name of Monty's legendary army will mean much more than the history of any one regiment.

But to the soldiers themselves, it is their regiment that counts the most—not the Desert Rats. It should come as no surprise that Lt. Col. Tim Collins of the Royal Irish, when he spoke to his troops about the conduct that would be expected of them as they prepared to fight in Iraq, chose to emphasize the duty they owed their regiment: Cruelty or cowardice, he warned, could "harm the regiment or its history." And nothing could be worse than that.

It's early yet in this war, but somehow I don't think that Lt. Col. Collins will be disappointed. **NR**

■ **AT WAR**

They're in the Army Now

Not really. Most 'embedded' journalists are fish out of water

KARL ZINSMEISTER

Central Iraq

THE embedding effort in the current war is like nothing I've ever seen before. No corporation, no educational institution, no other government agency has ever invited me and other reporters into their war councils, let me read their secret memos, given me unfettered 24-hour access to their workplaces and workers. It's a tremendously brave gamble on the part of our Defense Department.

In many ways, the gamble has paid off. Being shot at inevitably gives reporters fresh respect for soldiers, and the sheer physical and mental stamina required of military men and women—even of their highest leaders—during wartime has been an eye-opener for many in the media. And, meanwhile, the American public has gotten some reasonably good, very immediate coverage of this war. Indeed, I can tell you that military leaders themselves are reading and watching the reports from embedded journalists, and quite often learning something for the first time.

Of course, embedding doesn't always work out. Fox's Geraldo Rivera tried to embed with the other half-dozen of us who are reporting with the 82nd Airborne Division. He was turned down, but the 101st Airborne accepted him. Within a few days Rivera broadcast live several of the unit's combat destinations—which, of course, can get people killed.

Mr. Zinsmeister is editor-in-chief of *The American Enterprise* (TAEmag.com).

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The other open breach of the basic ground rules for embedded media also took place in the 101st. Shortly after the fragging incident that killed two U.S. soldiers, a television crew reported some of the victims' names before their kin had been notified, despite a direct request not to do so. They were sent home.

Alas, I must report that there are hordes of lightweight reporters here (the highly visible TV correspondents are among the worst). Many came to the war not knowing a howitzer from a ham sandwich. I'm truly astonished at how little homework most reporters did before leaving home—not even learning the very basics, such as military rank structures. I've observed some laughably wrong and foolish reporting that, had it concerned a stock-trading floor or a lobby in Washington, would have been instantly recognized as incompetent. In today's media, though, few people know or care enough about the military to recognize journalistic malpractice.

Some media outlets made wise and careful choices as to whom they sent to Iraq. CNN, for instance, embedded a correspondent with an Army mechanized unit who is himself a Marine reservist. His shop knowledge enabled him to hit the ground running, and he enjoyed some instant credibility with both his military informants and viewers back home.

Most of the media embeds, however, are typical reporters—that is, left-wing, cynical, wise-guy, Ivy League types, many with a high prima donna quotient. There are numerous studies showing that the major media are now nearly as liberal, politically and culturally, as university professors. And those are the journalists I've been seeing in a month spent in Iraq and Kuwait with the 82nd Airborne.

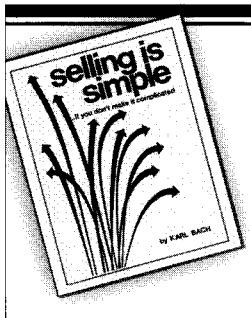
A lot of soldiers start out suspicious of reporters. Given the major media's checkered record of interaction with the military, who can blame them? Peter Arnett's ill-advised statements to Iraqi television are only the most recent example of self-serving and seemingly unpatriotic behavior by some members of the press. Unfortunately, I have not seen the reporters here make much effort to earn greater trust with the people doing the dirty work of fighting. Many of the journalists in this war theater are bursting with knee-jerk suspicions and antagonisms for the warriors all around them. This is aggravated by their tendency to club together, passing far too much of their desert sojourn gossiping with fellow reporters, snidely mocking military mores, chafing at the little disciplines necessary in the military's life-and-death work, banding off as a clique to watch DVDs on their computers in the evening, rolling their eyes at each other when ideas like honor, sacrifice, or duty enter the conversation.

HARALD HENDEN/BLACK STAR

'Typical' embed
Ted Koppel

I have not met a single journalist here who supports this intervention by our commander-in-chief. I know there are a few, like Michael Kelly of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and some of those I've met could not be clearly categorized on the basis of gentle questioning. But the vast number of the reporters I've spoken to are openly scornful of the aims of this war.

In the first days of battle, the only thing that got the sustained respect and attention of my fellow reporters was the rumored death of four journalists on March 22. At a lower level, there was astonished pique that the writers traveling with the Marines in the initial ground offensive had not been given an opportunity to sleep for *two full days!* Of course, the Marines who were doing the fighting were not sleeping either, and a lot more than four servicemen



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have been killed. But that's different.

Typical reporters know little about a fighting life, and show scant respect for the fighter's virtues. Precious few could ever be referred to as fighting men themselves. The journalists I've crossed paths with are fish out of water here, and show their discomfort clearly as they hide together in the press tents, fantasizing about expensive restaurants at home and plush hotels in Kuwait City, fondling keyboards and satellite phones with pale fingers, clinging to their old world of offices and tattle where they feel less ineffective, less testosterone-deficient, more influential.

It's amusing on one level. But the rest of America relies on these reporters as interpreters of what's real and what's important in the world. And the vast politico-cultural gulf that separates most of them from martial ideals often produces portrayals of military work that are, in one way or another, twisted. A few nights ago, I listened as a writer for one big-city newspaper dripped derision for the soldier's life, squealed about the awfulness of Bush's having abandoned the U.N.'s babysitting of Saddam, and sniggered at attempts to inspire "awe" through a bombing campaign. I almost wished there would be a very loud explosion close by, just to shut him up.

That same evening, I ran into the 82nd's infantry commander, washing his socks in a bucket by the taps where I was shaving. Col. Arnold Bray is a 6'6" giant, with a razor-sharp mind (and tongue). As we strode along a dirt path under a full moon, he fretted about the security of secret information, and explained to me why he would launch a "very personal, very harsh vendetta" against any journalist who released advance intelligence that could endanger his men's lives.

As we spoke, the ghostly forms of two paratroopers approached us on the road. Suddenly the colonel stopped them.

"What are your names?" Replies darted back. "Where are you from?" More replies. Outlines of individual lives began to form. These were two human beings unlike any two others; somebody's son, someone's friend.

Bray turned to me. "*They* are why I take this so seriously."—"Men, carry on." **NR**

■ **AT WAR**

How to Be a Drama Queen

The war in Hollywood is a special kind of thing

ROB LONG

In the mid 1960s, a friend of mine landed his first job as a comedy writer. He was hired by Jackie Gleason's manager, or "wrangler," to use the term we prefer to describe the guy whose job it is to mollify, coddle, and keep tense company with the star. His job was to write a few jokes for one of Gleason's appearances.

As he and the wrangler walked slowly to Gleason's hotel-room door, my friend clutching his jokes on a few damp pages, Gleason's wrangler suddenly stopped. He turned to my friend.

"Before we go in there, kid," he said, "there's something you gotta know."

Wide eyes from my friend.

"Ya see, kid," he said, "what you gotta know is that Jackie Gleason, he's broke right down the middle."

"He's broke?" my friend asked.

"Not no-money broke. He's got money. I mean his head. His head is broke right down the middle."

An uncomprehending stare from my friend. The wrangler leans close.

"He's nuts, kid. His mind, it's like scrambled eggs in there."

Scrambled eggs in there. It goes without saying, of course, that Jackie Gleason was a comic genius, and that his talent on the stage and screen was nothing short of luminous. He was also, according to all reports, volatile. Irrational. A little nuts.

Which brings us to the Oscars.

All that restraint! The knowing peace sign from Susan Sarandon, the tortured holding back of Nicole Kidman, the whole banquet of sad-looking, serious faces—as if they all were *about to say something* and then just thought, *No, let's keep it dignified.* But really it was just a form of self-dramatics—they didn't want to make statements about the war, or about Bush, or about any topic that might lend itself to tedious debate. No, these are show-business people, with a smart-bomb's ability to zero in on the dramatic center of any scene and play the hell out of it. They realized, because they're all professionals, where the heart of the moment was, and it wasn't in speeches, it was in *almost*-speeches. Thus, the heavy glances, the sighs, the pauses, the bitten lips.

There is a term for all of this, and the term is *drama queen.*

Poor, fat Michael Moore didn't get the Norma Desmond vibe of the whole event, and so went out and made a poor, fat speech. What an amateur! So easily upstaged. There he was, in his slovenly rented suit, neck spilling out over his collar, and you could actually hear the thoughts of a theater full of antiwar almost-speechifiers: *Yikes! That coulda been me! Better just to drop my top eyelids a skosh and look saddened by world events.*

An actor friend of mine tells the story of his first day in a Los Angeles acting class. The participants were asked to stand, wrap their arms around themselves in a big self-hug, and chant, three times: "*Wonderful, wonderful me!*"

So it's scrambled eggs inside of wonderful, wonderful me—which is all you really need to know about Hollywood's position on the war, or, frankly, on anything else. Because acting is really all about being dramatic, it's no wonder that the debate about the war quickly becomes, when actors are involved, a debate about *me* and *what I think* and *why shouldn't I be allowed to speak?* And notice, also, how the more thoughtful and informed antiwar celebrities—like, say, Mike Farrell—are the least talented. A funny, nimble, sharply comic actress like Janeane Garofalo can't quite muster the sustained, methodical argument necessary to hold her own on a Sunday talk show, as Farrell recently did, but she's way, way better at her day job.

The American people aren't such drama queens, of course. No matter who's asking, no matter how the question is phrased, the answer is roughly the same: The American people know it's

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going to be hard; they know that there are going to be dead soldiers; they know it's going to take a while. And guess what? They're okay with it. Not thrilled. Just okay.

Because ordinary people live in a land of consequences. A world of tough choices, without the possibility of artistic abandon. Artists—and I use the term loosely here, to refer to both Michelangelo *and* the Dixie Chicks—rarely pay the price for their carousing and irresponsibility. The whole point of being an "artist," it seems to me, is to be apart from the world of mortgages and child-raising and shopping at Target. This is why actors and musicians and painters tend to live in expensive, funky parts of New York City; gated, hilltop estates in Malibu and Bel Air; or hovels; and *not* in places like, say, Englewood, N.J., or West Covina, Calif. And I guess you have to ask yourself this: When it comes to the really big questions, of life and death and war and peace, who are you going to listen to? Somebody whose worldview is grounded each month by the requirements of the Home Fidelity Mortgage Corporation and carpooling a high-school hockey team, or someone whose life is so unstructured that she gets, as Janeane Garofalo put it recently, to stay home and "watch a lot of news"?

What makes Susan Sarandon such a magnetic and compelling actress—just watch *Atlantic City* or *Igby Goes Down*—is precisely what makes her such a dubious political theorist. She's a drama queen. She's not into politics, she's into *political theater*, and she's got the two all mixed up in her head. Broke right down the middle.

A few years ago, when my writing partner and I were casting a television series, the network wanted us to meet with an aging movie star with an eye toward casting him in the lead role.

This happens quite often in television. Movie stars, especially *former* movie stars, regularly become "available" for television shows, usually around tax time. It's an alluring gig for an actor: a steady paycheck, six months off, short workdays . . . and still in the public eye.

The actor we met with, though, wasn't your regular long-in-the-tooth, graceful-exit type. He was one of the biggest movie stars of all time. Twenty or thirty years ago, he was, in fact, the biggest box-office attraction in the world. Now he was broke and in our office, trying to pretend that he wasn't broke and he wasn't asking for a job.

The meeting was heartbreaking. As much as we wanted to give him the job, we knew we couldn't. Not only was this guy broke, but he was also broke right down the middle. The few people who had worked with him in the intervening swan-dive years all gave us the same advice: Run. He's crazy, they said. He refuses to work for days. He's late. He's impossible. He argues with the director. He re-blocks the cameras. He'll accuse you of trying to murder him. And worst of all, he punches people. Writers especially.

"If you cast him, you'll have to get a *side agreement*," my agent said.

"What's a side agreement?" I asked.

"It's an understanding. A legal understanding between you and the studio. It means that if the guy hits you and you don't want to come to work anymore, they can't sue you for breach of contract."

"Do you think he'll really hit us?"

"You're a writer, aren't you?"

"Then forget it," I said. "Who needs this kind of aggravation?"

There was a pause on the line.

"Well," my agent began, slowly, "before we get all 'forget it' about this, let's remember that the guy is a *huge* star. A *gigantic* star. He's not just a piece of casting. He's a piece of business. He's an *element* to the show."

"Meaning?"

"A star like that could make your show a hit. Do you really want to say no to that kind of opportunity?"

"Well . . ." I said, wavering.

"Look," my agent said, "what's so great about being easy to work with? I'm *horrible* to work with, and I'm doing okay. Everything has its drawbacks. Some stars make you hire their idiot friends on the writing staff, some insist you donate to their crackpot charities, some drink, some bang underage kids, and some . . ." My agent paused, winding up: ". . . and some even want to *write*. So in the grand scheme of things, what's a couple of swings from a former box-office sensation and star of your *hit* television show?"

I thought about this for a moment.

"He can't hurt us, though, right?" I ask. "What are we talking about? A black eye? Swollen lip?"

"Honestly? As your agent and legally enfranchised representative, I'm ethically bound to inform you that the guy was, in fact, an amateur boxer. What we are talking about is something on the order of a broken jaw or burst eardrum."

In the end, we passed. The actor was charming in the meeting, but then, he was an actor. He's *supposed* to be charming in the meeting. A television show, even a hit television show, isn't worth having your teeth knocked out.

"You're crazy," my agent said. "You'd have a hit on your hands."

"Sorry," I said. "I like my teeth and my jaw and my eardrums."

"What are you?" my agent asked. "Broke right down the middle?" **NR**

ISMAEL ROLDAN

Janeane Garofalo

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■ AT WAR

Shame and Honor, TERRIBLY TWISTED

A central truth of Arab culture is on full display in Iraq

BY DAVID PRYCE-JONES

SADDAM HUSSEIN and his Ba'ath party loyalists are fighting for their lives. The conventions of war mean nothing to these masters of brutality and ruse. They employ death squads to massacre their own people in order to prevent them from accepting food and water from coalition forces. Dressed as civilians, they hide behind women and children, and open fire in the certain knowledge that any return of fire must claim innocent victims. They place anti-aircraft weapons in or near schools and hospitals and markets, and use ambulances to convey arms. Then they blame coalition forces for casualties that they have made sure will occur. Young Iraqis, presumed to be defectors, have been found shot dead with a bullet in the back of the head. As Saddam himself said in a perfect summary of the perverted logic of mass intimidation and terror, "We will see how many Iraqis the Americans are prepared to kill."

Ruling a population of some 22 million, he himself is already responsible for the death of between 1 and 2 million of them, almost literally decimation, with another 4 million driven into exile. Among other refinements of torture, his Ba'ath party loyalists have stuffed living victims feet first into shredders. Accusing one unfortunate man of wishing to flee the country a few days ago, Ba'athists tied him to a lamppost, cut his tongue out, and obliged the local residents to watch him die slowly. Saddam and his henchmen will commit every conceivable crime in order to survive in power. Should he see advantage in using weapons of mass destruction, he will. Superior power alone is able to constrain him.

Yet people still seem taken by surprise. Lt.-Gen. William Wallace, commanding V Corps, reacts to the cruelties before his eyes by saying, "The enemy we're fighting is different from the one we'd war-gamed against." Deputy secretary of defense Paul Wolfowitz comments, "We probably did underestimate the willingness of this regime to commit war crimes." Those accustomed to democratic procedure habitually show complete lack of comprehension of the mechanics of tyranny. Arab regimes are all tyrannies, some hard, some soft, depending on the personality of the ruler and the demands he makes on his police and security apparatus. It is not terror as such that singles out Saddam among other Arab rulers, but the exceptional scale on which he deploys it. The late President Hafiz Assad of Syria ordered artillery to raze the Syrian city of Hama, killing an unknown number of thousands and cementing over their corpses. In the Algerian civil war, between 100,000 and 120,000 people have been killed, many of them villagers whose throats are slit by their attackers. Yasser Arafat's Palestinians fire on their own people, dispatch mobs to lynch supposed collaborators with Israel, and organize suicide bombers to kill innocent bystanders. On one occasion in the current intifada, two Israelis lost their way in the West Bank town of Ramallah, and were captured and beaten to death in the local police station. Smiling, one of the Palestinian murderers then held up his blood-stained hands before a joyful crowd. Whooping Iraqis are to be seen on television dancing round the corpses of American and British soldiers who may well have been executed.

SADISTIC CRIMINALITY, IN POWER

Arabs do not have some special bad character conditioning such behavior, needless to say. Generally speaking, they are hospitable and eager for friendship. Every country has its share of sadistic criminals, and they have to be restrained by the law. A tyranny, on the contrary, licenses sadistic criminals, empowering and of

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course rewarding them. "Law," said Saddam Hussein in a memorable utterance, "is two lines above my signature." Crime becomes the order of the day. The strong enrich and enjoy themselves, the weak endure or go to the wall. With undoubted cunning, Saddam has contrived to steal Iraq's oil wealth, make the country his private fiefdom, and enroll the Ba'ath party into a mass criminal enterprise. Would-be tyrants can learn from his example, as he learned from Stalin and Hitler.

Nothing like a nation-state, Iraq is a conglomeration of conflicting ethnicities and religious faiths, comprising Sunni and Shia Arabs, Kurds and Turcomen and Assyrians who are not Arabs, the Christian Chaldeans, and other minorities. These are laboratory conditions for the cultivation of a strongman who can hold together the different identities, and not for some benign philosopher-king, let alone a democrat. Iraqis have furthermore been indoctrinated to believe that they won their independence militarily from Britain, the colonial power between the world wars. Independence unfortunately did not mean freedom. But some of them do indeed see American and British forces as invaders of their land out to reimpose colonialism, and therefore to be fought. The phenomenon of nationalism without a nation-state to embody it is rather hallucinatory, but it may be a good augury that it is possible in the end to build a nation-state out of apparently incompatible religious and ethnic elements.

Like all Arabs, Iraqis live in what anthropologists call a shame society, and this generates common values that all can share, to that extent acting as a social glue. The key to motivation in such a society is the acquisition of honor that brings high status to the individual, and conversely the avoidance of shame that is a guarantee of low status. To complete the anthropologists' schema, Westerners live in a guilt society, whereby whoever does something wrong feels conscience-stricken about it, even if nobody ever finds out what he did. On the shame-honor scale of values, the individual who does wrong need feel bad only if he is discovered. If he gets away with it, he can congratulate himself on his cleverness. What can look like lying or dissembling on the part of Arabs, or in contrast boasting, is often prompted by the shame-honor calculus invisible to the outsider.

In this culture, honor implies victory and triumph, while defeat brings unmitigated shame and disgrace. In that spirit Saddam likes to assert that the 1991 Gulf War was a famous victory worthy of constant celebration. In that same spirit, the Egyptians have built a museum in Cairo in the pretense that the 1973 war was a famous victory, when in reality the Israelis were ultimately in a position to annihilate the Egyptians on the near side of the Suez Canal, and capture Cairo on the far side. Attempting to convert the reality of defeat into the illusion of victory, Palestinians on the West Bank have built shrine-like models of the sites where suicide bombers have done their work, complete with mock-ups of dead Israelis.

Constructing a heroic biography for himself, depicting himself all over Iraq in the poses of a ruler fit to be compared to the greatest in history, and defying the might of the United States, Saddam knows he can count on the appeal to honor. A strong man earns applause because he is capable of deeds the weak could never even contemplate. Utterly bewildering to Westerners, the spectacle then arises of people coming to admire the tyrant who oppresses them. Promoting hierarchy and obstructing trust, shame-and-honor values appear to be the main obstacle to democracy in the Arab world. Usually, Islam is considered a more significant obstacle to democracy; it has separatist aspects, to be sure, but its vision of equality and justice may reasonably be considered democratic.

A COMMON CULTURAL CODE

On the opening day of hostilities, apparently having just survived a missile attack directed at him, Saddam in a television address gave a perfect example of shame-honor rhetoric (allowing for the awkwardness of instant translation): "These days will add to your record, your bright record, all you male and female dignified people. This is your share of dignity and victory, and everything that will raise the status before God and will let the infidels down . . . And your enemies will be in humiliation and defeat, God willing." One of the less amiable verses of the Koran concerning the treatment of enemies is "Cut their throats, and be patient," and that is what Saddam exhorts his people

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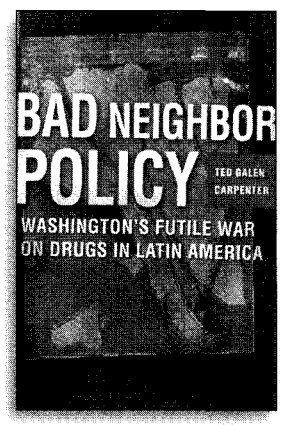

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to do. All his speeches contain characteristic sentiments of this kind: God sees war against the West as "a source of honor, pride, glory, and blessing for you in this life and the hereafter." So homogenous is the culture that Yasser Arafat's speeches are indistinguishable in tone and language.

Originally from Pakistan, Hala Jaber is a journalist with experience of the Muslim and Arab world. In an article in a British newspaper, she has explained that Iraqis, including Shias, "fight not to save Saddam Hussein but to defend their honor." The desecration of honor, she goes on, is "an unforgivable sin in Iraq's culture." Writing from a London address to another British newspaper, someone by the name of Ahmad al-Abdallah is a typical voice from the Arab street, conceding that Arab rulers are all tyrants who resort to torture or deportation of their minorities, only to conclude, "So what is left to them is honor." Saddam's deputy and vice president Taha Yassin Ramadan justified suicide bombers with the words, "This is a battle of honor, dignity, and every single Arab shares that honor with us." The Arab press is giving the impression that Iraq has virtually won the war. Whoever feels dishonored cannot be talked out of it, or reasoned with. Shame sears the soul, and it has to be wiped out and avenged in a public way that all can witness and appreciate. No cost is too great for this end. That is the wellspring of the fanaticism we are witnessing.

In the collapse of all totalitarian regimes there comes what strategists call a "tipping moment," when people must think of self-preservation as the supreme value. This was last evidenced in mid 1990 in the old Soviet Union, when the choice had to be made between Gorbachev and Yeltsin. Carefully weighing up the situation, army generals and party bosses concluded that Gorbachev either would not or could not kill them; he was therefore doomed to lose power; and it was a sensible career move to desert him in favor of Yeltsin, the coming winner. In Saddam's case, honor would dictate that he die a Hitler-type death in a bunker, and so establish his legend. Otherwise defeat, perhaps followed by flight and exile, will bring shame upon him, proving that his claim to victory and heroism was only posturing. Either way, on the day when he can no longer exercise the power of life and death, Iraqi army generals and Ba'ath party loyalists will then have to make their choice too, whether to go down with him or accommodate to the successor regime. Careerist survival at this point has priority over honor.

One hopes that, in much the same way the Soviet Union turned into Russia, Iraq will turn into a nation-state and democracy—a forbidding but not impossible task, so long as Iraqis are allowed to do it for themselves. Nobody yet has any clear idea what sort of future government Washington envisages. Well qualified as many of them are, members of the Iraqi opposition are being kept under wraps. Outsiders cannot be expected to make decisions for Iraqis. It may be necessary for the United States to keep the peace during a transitional period. But any sort of American military or civil administration with political responsibilities is certain almost immediately to arouse both an Islamic and a shame-honor reaction uniting the population against it. Iraqis would perceive themselves as defeated and colonized rather than liberated, and the shame of that is likely to lead to an intifada even more violent than the Palestinian model. That's how to strangle democracy at birth. **NR**

■ **AT WAR**

Headache upon Headache

We're in, we'll win, but what will we do?

ADAM GARFINKLE

WOLF BLITZER of CNN recently asked secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld about widespread concern that the war in Iraq would help al-Qaeda recruiting and, in general, increase the likelihood of terrorist attacks against the United States. Rumsfeld's answer was rather alarming. He just barely managed to conceal his contempt for the scribblers and eggheads who have expressed such thoughts, and launched into an energetic argument that it is weakness, not strength, that abets terrorism. His case in point was 9/11—which, he veritably thundered, had not required an invasion of Iraq as motivation.

Rumsfeld is at least half right. It is true that Islamist terrorists do not need specific new provocations before they kill more Americans. It is also true that weakness does often invite attack. It's the half that isn't right that is frightening. If the war against Iraq and the war against terrorism are closely related, as the administration insists, then the relationship must work both ways. Just as Iraq's regime has clearly supported terrorism and deserves to be an American target, so the longstanding sanctions regime and no-fly zones directed against Iraq form part of the Islamists' complaint against the U.S.; it is plainly not true, in the Islamist mind's eye, that the U.S. did nothing to provoke the 9/11 attacks.

Rumsfeld's unwillingness even to entertain a logic of mutual causality suggests that his reasoning about all we have experienced over the past 19 months, and will likely experience in the future, categorically detaches U.S. actions from any downside consequences they might engender. And this refusal to think down along the causal dialectic of terrorist and U.S. behaviors transcends mere theoretical interest: It is at the root of trans-Atlantic disagreements. Whatever their commercial interests and assorted national neuroses may be, the French and the Germans have been motivated in their prudential stance against the war chiefly by this causal dialectic. To characterize their motives as purely venal or delusional may be a great applause line in some circles, or in a certain five-sided building, but it does not accurately describe the shape of this opposition. Spending the war in Germany, I can personally attest to the fact that at least some

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Germans can think analytically about this war and its related security issues. One or two of them are even in the government.

I support the war to remove the Ba'ath regime, and am no admirer of recent German and French diplomacy. But that does not require me to assume that the motivation for mass-casualty terrorism is one-dimensional. There is no shame in admitting that lesser negative consequences might be touched off even as one accomplishes a greater good. To engage in denial-by-definition of all discrepant information and unpleasant outcomes is a formula for maximum calamity should things go wrong. It also makes for less than fully credible public diplomacy.

COGNITIVE DISTORTIONS VS. REALITY

Most administration principals seem to have imagined the war as an epiphany in three acts. In Act I, "shock and awe" would crumple the Ba'ath regime like a rusty soup can, evoking celebrations of liberation in the streets of Iraq. So moved, Americans would draw Iraqi democracy out of a hat in Act II. That nifty piece of thaumaturgy accomplished, Act III would witness democracy flowing out across a region as yet barren of it. But the first act of this drama is not unfolding as expected, which suggests that the next two probably won't either. It is, after all, one thing to bring democracy to people who are in one's trust and who want what is on offer, quite another to force it upon the unwilling and the affronted.

America's military seems to have adapted quickly to the new realities on the ground in Iraq; whether administration principals are doing so is less clear, but there is hope. There's still plenty of time to recognize—and thus try to avoid—the potential dangers of a protracted, high-profile Anglo-American occupation and administration of Baghdad.

> There is no shame in admitting that lesser negative consequences might be touched off even as one accomplishes a greater good.

These dangers come in both near- and longer-term forms. Iraq is now using guerrilla tactics, and skillfully playing to the international media by deliberately establishing preconditions for large numbers of civilian casualties; it may well persist in these efforts even after the occupation of central Baghdad. Non-Iraqi Islamists armed with suicide bombs may infiltrate the occupation for months to come as Americans and others scour the country for weapons of mass destruction. Some very dangerous substances may be put knowingly into the wrong hands as pressure against their discovery increases. All this renders very questionable the assumption of a settled occupation, of any sharp line drawn between military and postwar-reconstruction activities. This, in turn, makes well-intentioned plans for attracting multinational support—political and financial—in a postwar setting quite problematic.

And once guerrilla resistance is quelled (if it is quelled), the real postwar dilemmas will have only just begun. Three in particular will confront any coalition of postwar administrators; all have the character of Joseph Heller's famous Catch-22.

The first of these dilemmas is structural/constitutional in nature. How can a new Iraqi political system be set up that is decentralized enough to accommodate the sectarian and ethnic heterogeneity of the country, yet not so decentralized that it tempts the interference of Iraq's neighbors—notably Iran, Turkey, and Saudi Arabia? This is not a new problem; it has afflicted Iraqi politics since Sir Percy Cox drew the country's borders one day in 1922, with the inimitable Gertrude Bell looking over his shoulder.

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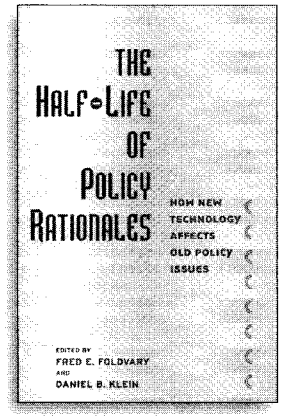

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Edited by Fred E. Foldvary and Daniel B. Klein

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The second concerns the legitimacy of any new political system, particularly a liberal, neo-democratic one totally at odds with the country's social and cultural experience. If the U.S. is too much involved in establishing a new political system, and in programs of de-Ba'athification, it will undermine the nationalist credentials of those Iraqi figures who come forth in association with it. (This is not a new problem either. It describes fairly well the malign dynamic set in spin after the assassination of President Diem in 1963.) But if the U.S. declines such a role, the chances increase that the first dilemma will fully manifest itself. If Iraqi politics collapses into civil disorder fueled by competitive armed patronage networks organized along regional, ethnic, or sectarian lines, it could give rise to the de facto dissolution of Iraqi territorial integrity, or to a new centralizing authoritarianism not significantly better than that of the Ba'ath. In the mind of the optimists, this sort of thing does not happen; indigenous legitimacy takes root and solutions adhere. In Iraq, however, they probably won't—which brings us directly to the third, closely related dilemma, which is military in character.

That dilemma is simply stated: How can a military force be built that is adequate to defend Iraq against a large country (say, Iran) and yet not be simultaneously a threat to smaller neighbors (Kuwait) and to politically recalcitrant groups inside the country (the Kurds and Turkomans)? This third dilemma is a smaller version of a geopolitical asymmetry that has bedeviled the region for a long time, which is that any Iraqi or Iranian military large enough to balance the other is ipso facto a threat to Saudi Arabia. Only when outside powers have been present to offset this asymmetry has the region been relatively quiet. Between the British withdrawal from the region in 1971 and the establishment of an essentially permanent U.S. presence after 1991, the region was convulsed by eight years of Iran–Iraq war, two years of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait and its reversal, and near permanent trouble erupting from the Iranian revolution. The prospect is that just as the region as a whole knows no natural equipoise absent a strong external hand, neither will more specifically Iraqi domestic and regional politics find such an equipoise either.

The alternative to building a large Iraqi force will be for American and allied troops to stay longer and in larger numbers in Iraq. But that would affect, in turn, the management of the first two dilemmas, pushing us toward more intrusive involvement in Iraqi affairs. Similarly, if we opt for maximum feasible federalism and minimal U.S. involvement in handling the first two dilemmas, we may need to buy protection against the risks of such a course by tilting toward a larger postwar Iraqi military.

YOU CAN'T SPELL 'MESSIANIC' WITHOUT 'MESS'

All three of these dilemmas are therefore tangled together, nor is that tangle itself the end. If the U.S. elects to lead an outside force imposing stability, and even if it succeeds eventually in establishing sound foundations for a decent Iraqi polity, what will be the larger regional consequences? Act III will not so easily follow Act II. Other Arabs and Muslims see world affairs through the experiences and legacy of colonialism, invariably "interpreted" and deepened through Islamic religious metaphors and culture. Even if a liberal democracy arises in Iraq, other Arabs will see it as tainted by the dried blood on the foreigner's sword. So yet another double-bind comes into view: A difficult and drawn-out success in Iraq will likely degrade the American image and increase resentment against the U.S. in the region as a whole. If we exit very quickly after war's end, we may be spared the worst impact regionally—but we then risk forfeiting a central declared purpose of the war in the first place, a failure that would carry its own, if perhaps lesser, regional downside.

Many stores that sell ceramic and glass items show a sign reading something to the effect of "you break it, you buy it." Adjusting slightly for the circumstances, we might imagine a sign above the desk of the future American proconsul in Baghdad reading, "You broker it, you buy it." Brokerage of several sorts will be our business in Baghdad for either a long or a shorter time to come. We had better have deep political pockets to pay the bill. There is no obvious expiration date on our card, and if we fail to grasp a realistic sense of our own limitations in this part of the world, the totals may be huge.

We got into this war for completely justified prudential reasons. A war and its aftermath based on continued considerations of prudence are more likely to be planned and conceived prudently.

We got into this war for completely justified prudential reasons: It was simply too dangerous to let the Ba'ath regime acquire a weapons-of-mass-destruction posture similar to that of North Korea. But a war and its aftermath based on continued considerations of prudence are more likely to be planned and conceived prudently, while a war bedecked by a new version of liberation theology is not. This is why it is worrisome when the most temperamentally conservative and prudently anti-nation-building figure in the administration answers a perfectly sensible question about causes and effects by categorically denying the premise from which it arises.

Secretary Rumsfeld has also pointed out, vigorously and quite rightly, that there's a big difference between seeing a battle and seeing a war. Embedded reporters, he has tartly announced before the cameras, can view only a small slice of what is going on in Iraq; they "may see a battle, but they do not see the war." If, as the secretary insists, the battles of Iraq form a subsidiary part of the larger war against terrorism, is it asking too much for him to take his own advice? **NR**

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the long view

ROB LONG

MEMORANDUM

FROM: Marketing and Creative Affairs, Iraqi Broadcasting Corporation

TO: Hussein, Saddam
Hussein, Uday
Hussein, Qusay
Arnett, Peter
Promotions and Special Events Department
Syndication Sales Department

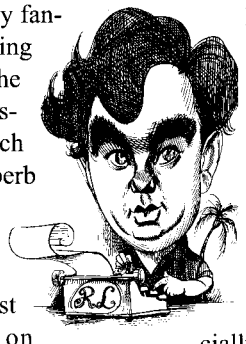
RE: Recent focus-group results

Firstly, all of us here in the M&CA department would like to thank Uday and Qusay for their passionate involvement in our work. It's not often that we "suits" get to interact so meaningfully with such creative and dynamic leaders, and so we thank you for your commitment to making IBC's programming even more compelling than it already is!

It's obviously been a "learning process" for us all—we, for instance, have learned that market research is something that most Iraqis have little or no experience with, which explains the terrified expression on the faces of most of the participants as they were led into the screening room, and the weeping, tearful farewells to their families in the vestibule lobby area. Still, we all got through it and built a foundation of trust with the participants!

Our challenge, of course, was rebuilding that trust after Qusay poured kerosene over one of the male participants in the 18-to-35 demographic after he expressed a "medium to below-medium intent-to-view" response to one of Qusay's IBC offerings entitled "Hangin' with Qusay 'n' Uday as They Smash the Illegal Infidel Invader Failed Butchers." Again, it's been a "learning process" for all of us, and we're sure that Qusay knows that this isn't the best way to get an accurate snapshot of the public's taste! Anyway, onward.

What we did discover, however, was a great cross-demo enthusiasm for more pictures of Saddam Hussein himself, especially ones that depict the leader in animated movement. This, frankly, surprised us as there are currently 22 hours of daily programming that feature our fabulous leader in various positions, but when questioned, most group members (especially that hard-to-satisfy 12-to-25 segment) felt fairly strongly that they'd have an "increased intent to view" and an "appointment-viewing attitude" toward pictures of our really fantastic leader actually walking around and talking. All of the participants—again, a cross-demo result—felt that if such programs included our superb leader holding that day's copy of the International Herald Tribune or referring in dialogue to the most recent failed contestant on "American Idol," then such a program would come under the heading "Must See TV." Interesting and impactful results, we think.



(Incidentally, we'd like to thank Uday for his willingness to stay behind the one-way glass during this portion of the focus-group discussion. Uday has a unique and, we think, entirely valid definition for what "Must See TV" should be, but in the marketing and consumer research context, it means "television that viewers feel an emotional and communal commitment to view" and not, as Uday suggested, "television that viewers must watch or face genital mutilation." Again, learning curve.)

In addition, we took the opportunity to screen a few introductory episodes of "Baghdad Today with Peter Arnett," and we discovered, as I think we all expected, that while there are many strong points to the program—it tests hugely well with adults in the 35-to-60 demographic, and especially strongly among viewers who describe themselves as "very to extremely patriotic"—it still doesn't show the strength we need in the younger demographics. Uday and Qusay's suggestion to include more images of their father in his homburg is an interesting and helpful one, but it's our feeling that more such images might not entirely begin to address the issue. As welcome as that footage is. And as entertaining. Our really just incredibly great leader appeals to so many demographics and is, of course, in many ways our "Cosby," but perhaps we should use his image more sparingly—as a "special treat" to the viewer, rather than as a ubiquitous network figure. We don't want to devalue the currency of a Saddam Hussein appearance as happened to Regis Philbin so recently. Anyway, things to consider.

Finally, the one area in which IBC currently needs to develop is reality programming, which as we all know has taken a "back seat" to our news and variety offerings. Still, "reality" has a growing following, especially among Teens and Tweens, and it seems like a missed opportunity not to develop more choices. Uday and Qusay both have acknowledged that while "Saddam Firing His Big Shotgun" is a terrific and compelling program with something for everyone, perhaps it's time for additional versions. A different weapon, perhaps. Of course, it goes without saying that if we could possibly have our just insanely great and really really cool leader fire his big shotgun while holding that day's International Herald Tribune, that would really be "event television" of "sweeps-level" interest.

Those are our suggestions. As per established procedure, of course, all focus-group members were tortured in front of their families, and the marketing team behind this research was tied into sacks and thrown from the top of the building. Even the person typing this memo is about to have his throat———

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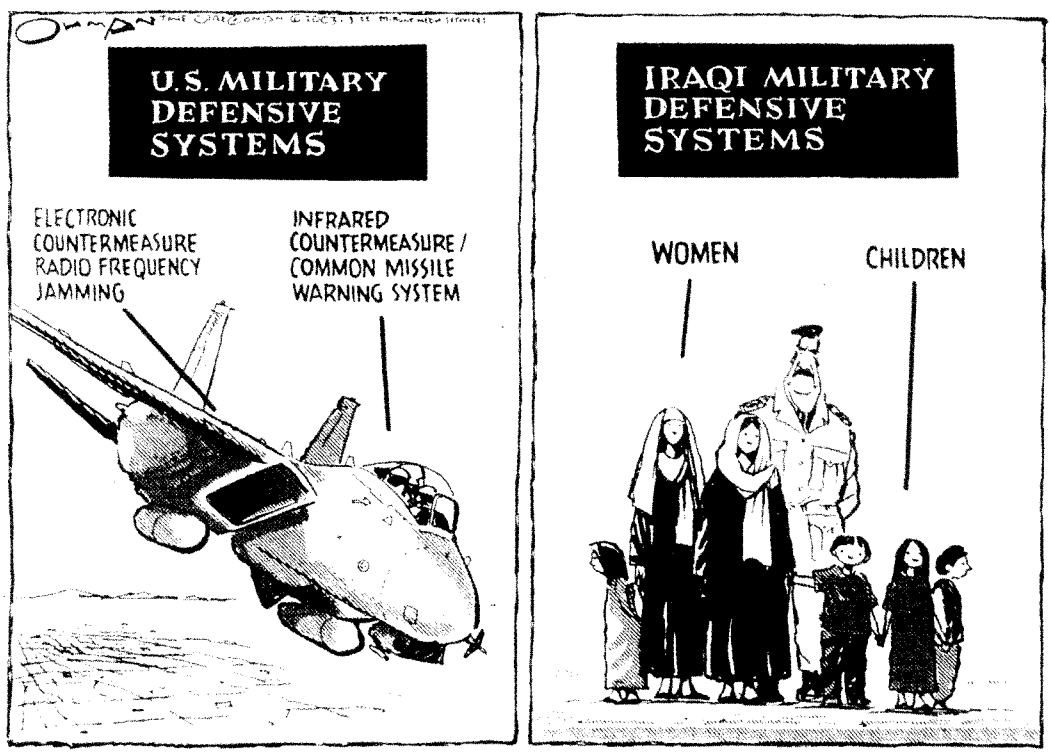

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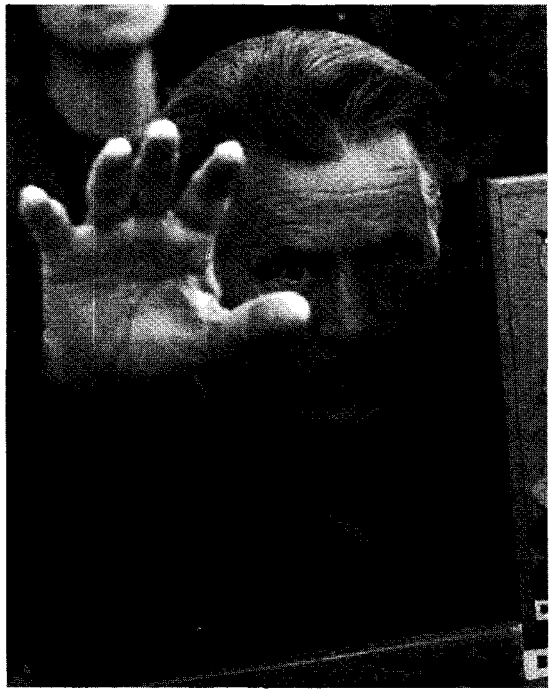
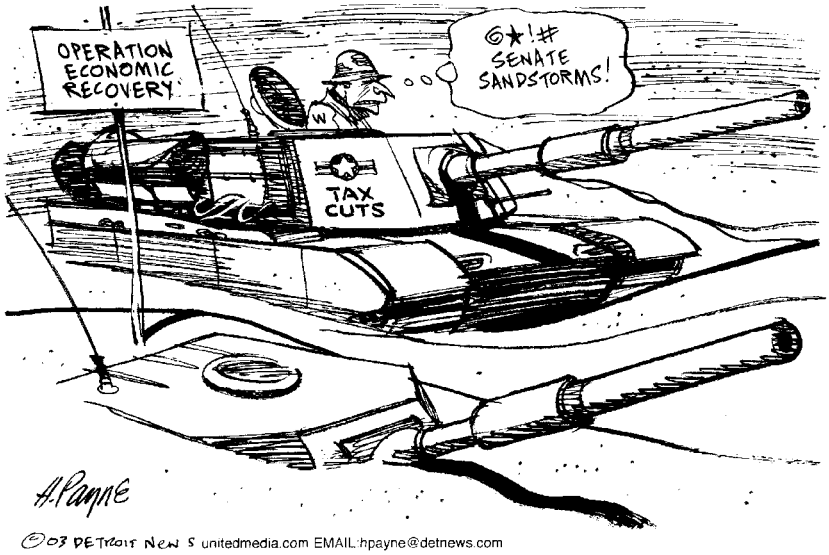
"Oh, yeah?—What about all the war criminals on your *side of the family?"*

Picture of the Week



This is Martin Sheen, the West Wing *actor who is the Democrats' favorite president. Unfortunately, we don't think the tape will be permanent.*



The Terrible Turk

One thought reputations had faded—
Unspeakable practices feared
When Viennese guarded the ramparts
As pantalooned Ottoman leered.
The dervish was finally banished;
The fez yielded to the chapeau,
But there we sat, ticked as Odysseus,
Off Turkey in high-tech bateaux.

—W. H. von Dreele

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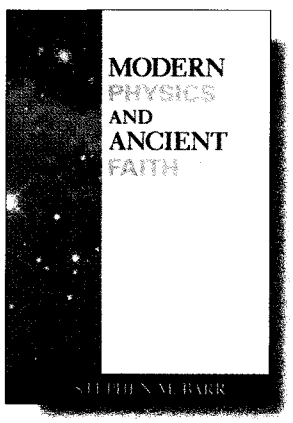
Signposts of the Divine



Modern Physics and Ancient Faith, by Stephen M. Barr (Notre Dame, 312 pp., $30)

JOSHUA GILDER

ANYONE who read *Superman* comics as a kid will remember Bizarro World. This was a planet, way out in the far reaches of space, where everything was exactly the opposite of Earth: Instead of being round, Bizarro World was a cube; evil genius Lex Luthor was a good guy; and Superman had no superhuman powers.

When I was ten, this made perfect sense to me. If space were infinite, then there would be an infinite number of planets, and Bizarro World just had to be one of them. Not only that, but if there were an infinite number of planets then there had to be another planet exactly like this one, with someone exactly like me, who was at that moment thinking exactly the same thing at exactly that moment! As one might imagine, this was a topic of long and involved discussions among myself and my ten-year-old friends, and we all agreed that in an infinite universe, not only could anything happen, everything must happen.

Of course, we then grew up and learned to our great disappointment that it had been discovered that space was not, indeed, infinite. Space started with the Big Bang, it had a certain age—about 14 billion years—and a quantifiable amount of mass and energy, so there would, of course, be only a limited number of planets. It seemed that Bizarro World was out, not to mention my cosmic doppelgänger. Too bad, but as they say, one grows up and puts away childish things.

Apparently, however, we put them away too soon. As Stephen Barr, a physicist at the University of Delaware, recounts in this lucid and engaging survey of modern physics and its relation to religious belief, Bizarro-type theories have gained increasing favor among scientists. The reasons are varied, but a primary impetus is to attempt to explain away the overwhelming scientific evidence that has been accumulating over the last several decades suggesting that the universe has been intricately designed for the emergence of intelligent life.

It was astrophysicist Brandon Carter who got the ball rolling in the 1970s by remarking how many of the fundamental laws of physics are "fine tuned" for life. Barr itemizes several of these "anthropic coincidences," such as the strong force, one of the four basic forces in nature, which happens to hold atomic nuclei together. Lucky for us it isn't 10 percent stronger, because then no element besides hydrogen 1 would be able to form (rather than the nearly 100 elements we have in nature). Not only would it be impossible to fabricate life with only hydrogen to work with, there would be nothing to sustain it, because nuclear fusion, which powers the stars, would never get off the ground. The universe would be cold, dark, and lifeless. Then again, if the strong force were only 4 percent stronger, stars would burn so hot and so fast that life would have no chance.

In language that will be accessible to most lay readers, Barr explains several of these deep "coincidences," including the infinitesimal, but positive, value of the cosmological constant: If it were equal to −1, the entire universe would have expanded and collapsed in 10^{-43} seconds. An ever-growing list of these anthropic coincidences has been identified—from the fundamental laws of physics to the location of our galaxy and our sun within the galaxy—with no apparent reason why any of these absolutely critical phenomena should be the way they are, and why all of them just "coincidentally" fall within the exceedingly narrow parameters that make life possible.

This apparent design and fine tuning of the universe for life has caused massive heartburn to those in the scientific community committed to philosophical materialism—the view that matter, or meaningless physical force acting at random, is all there ever was or ever will be. When asked what role there was for God in his deterministic worldview, the French mathematician Laplace remarked, "I have no need for that hypothesis."

Laplace's complacent determinism would hold sway well into the 20th century, but as the anthropic coincidences

Mr. Gilder is a senior director of the White House Writers Group and the author of *Ghost Image*, a novel.

THE LOST LEADERS

Good God, I see we're really doomed
And things are far worse than I dreamed!
I try to contradict my eyes,
Pretend that what I see's a lie:
Can any statesman be alive
When a crooked hunchback runs the realm?
His soldiers glitter helm on helm
Bearing along a palanquin
In which a grey ape waves and grins:
Where are the men who shone like moons—
Bright faces that closed up our wounds?

—IBRAHIM IBN IDRIS
translated by Richard O'Connell

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continued to pile up in the 1980s and 1990s, the materialists found themselves in increasingly desperate need of some hypothesis if they weren't to be forced to accept the unpalatable conclusion that the universe may indeed have been designed for life. The biggest problem for the materialists was the end of the concept of an infinite universe. In one of this book's more entertaining sections, Barr quotes the despondency of many scientists in confronting the implications of the Big Bang. Sir Arthur Eddington remarked that "the notion of a beginning [to the universe] is repugnant to me"; the German physicist Walter Nernst complained that "to deny the infinite duration of time would be to betray the very foundations of science."

The probability of random processes producing the complex world we see around us is effectively zero.

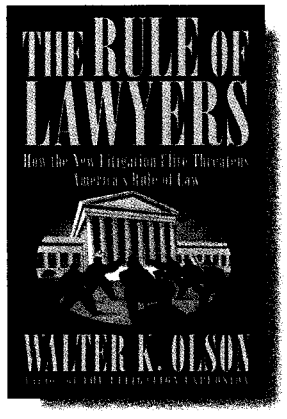
What it actually betrayed was the materialist prejudices of so many scientists at the time. For as long as the universe was infinite, anything and indeed everything—including something as miraculous and seemingly designed as life—could, and by necessity would, occur simply by the operations of chance. Given the severe time limitations imposed by the Big Bang, however, the probability of random processes producing the complex world we see around us is effectively zero. And so, seemingly drawn from the musty back rooms of comic-book warehouses, a modified Bizarro World hypothesis was reintroduced in various scientific guises.

My personal favorite is the Many Worlds Hypothesis. This neatly dodges the problems posed by the Big Bang by positing an infinite number of parallel universes. In fact, in the MWH every universe that is logically possible must exist. Thus, there are gazillions almost exactly like ours, but in some you have three fingers, some seven, in some you just sneezed, in others Oz is a real place and the French leadership is made up of men of courage and principle. The wonderful thing about such theories is that they are now and will forever be irrefutable, as these parallel universes are by definition beyond physical observation. Of course, there is absolutely no physical evidence for them either, and the only reason to believe in something so ludicrous is a desperate need to deny the increasing evidence for design in the one universe we can observe, our own.

To Barr's credit, he doesn't merely rely on the guffaw factor to put the materialists in their place. Assuming for the sake of argument that science will probably never be able either to prove or disprove the existence of God, he demonstrates instead how completely the tables have been turned from the end of the 19th century, when God seemed an unnecessary hypothesis, to today, when God the Designer seems an ever more likely and unavoidable one. In a beautifully crafted chapter, for instance, Barr takes the reader on a journey from Kepler's three laws of planetary motion through Newton's universal law of gravitation to quantum physics, showing that "as one goes deeper and deeper into the workings of the physical world, to more and more fundamental levels of the laws of nature, one encounters not ever less structure and symmetry but ever more. The deeper one goes the more orderly nature looks, the more subtle and intricate its designs." The subatomic particle called omega-minus, for example, was correctly predicted by Murray Gell-Mann simply because it was needed to complete the pattern of a group of symmetries.

One caveat: The author relies on the "orthodox" Copenhagen interpretation of quantum physics to give an opening for free will, which strategy seems to this lay reader to offer a rather weak reed of support for such an important concept. But on the whole, Barr has produced a stunning tour de force of design apologetics. Somewhere, in some alternative universe, I'm sure the entire scientific community is already abandoning its materialist presuppositions and hailing this book as the scientific and philosophical breakthrough it is. In this universe, the reception may be less accommodating, but at least the materialists will now be obliged to deal with a forceful opponent able to marshal the latest physical knowledge in a defense, as the title indicates, of both modern science and ancient faith. **NR**

Shyster Heaven



The Rule of Lawyers: How the New Litigation Elite Threatens America's Rule of Law, by Walter K. Olson (St. Martin's Press, 352 pp., $25.95)

DOUG BANDOW

RESPONSIBILITY used to be the hallmark of American freedom. Act as you wish, but accept the consequences: Smoke, get cancer. Eat, get fat. Fall down drunk, get hurt. Just don't act surprised—and certainly don't blame anyone else.

No longer. Today the hallmark of American freedom is litigation. Act as you wish, but make sure someone else suffers the consequences. Indeed, America's liability system has become the international standard of what *not* to do. Walter K. Olson, a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute, explores how the U.S. has long been hospitable to the litigious: "Even fifty years ago America was known as the land of the speculative or 'long-shot' legal case, in which an injury could come to seem a lottery ticket col-

Mr. Bandow, a graduate of Stanford Law School, is a senior fellow at the Cato Institute.

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lectible from the nearest deep-pocket defendant."

Still, the problem back then seemed more episodic than systemic; people were usually expected to be responsible for their actions. Whole classes of lawsuits were almost unthinkable: What would-be burglar, for instance, would have sued the school system after falling through a skylight? Explains Olson: "Until sometime around 1970, it had long been taken more or less as a given that in the U.S. legal system, as in others, litigation was something to be discouraged, a destructive and costly last resort, certainly not the first line of response to ordinary social problems."

The Rule of Lawyers is the tale of how that changed, and it's not a story for the faint of heart. Olson begins the book by looking back on an amazingly prescient essay written in 1976 by Beverly C. Moore Jr., a onetime Naderite lawyer, and Fred Harris, left-wing senator from Oklahoma and failed presidential candidate. That they would call for greater use of class-action suits should come as no surprise; but they did suggest a rather breathtaking new range of causes. The tobacco and alcohol industries, they wrote, should be sued for the harm of their products; food producers should be held responsible for obesity, tooth decay, and diabetes; drug companies should pay for overdoses; automakers should be sued for accidents, and should also—along with real-estate developers—cover the cost of "urban congestion." And much more.

Moore and Harris were not troubled by the fact that companies would be paying for things that were not remotely their fault in any traditional understanding of negligence law. The purpose was to impose costs on business to change their behavior. The big problem then, the authors noted, was that "most victims are not even aware that they have been injured." They are now.

Government became a full-fledged partner of the trial bar in cases against the tobacco and gun industries.

Moore and Harris published their article in the midst of far-reaching changes in both the substantive law and procedural rules of litigation. Product-liability law became more expansive, and class actions became easier to file. A host of barriers to suits—such as limitations on discovery, pleading requirements, and jurisdiction restrictions—fell. The result, explains Olson, was to "further empower lawyers themselves, who could now demand a great deal more money, menace opponents with far more effective weaponry than before, and presume to speak on behalf of vast groups within the American population, secure in the knowledge that their supposed constituents would not be in a position to fire them."

The tobacco suit—the culmination of almost every dangerous legal trend—may have had its genesis in the flood of asbestos litigation that started in the 1970s. Asbestos was a wonder product, providing low-cost insulation for buildings across America; alas, it turned out to hurt and kill many workers who breathed asbestos fibers. There was legitimate cause for liability, but, notes Olson, "few predicted that the new legal cases would develop into by far the largest and most complex body of injury litigation in history." Once major asbestos manufacturers like Johns Manville went bankrupt, the trial bar began suing just about any company anywhere with any connection to asbestos.

Moreover, contrary to predictions that the number of cases would fall (because the pool of people genuinely harmed by direct contact with asbestos was falling), asbestos litigation has continued to increase. "What soon enabled the caseload to begin expanding more or less without limit," writes Olson, "was the realization that there was serious money to be made in bringing cases where illness or impairment was mild or scarcely detectable."

In the case of silicone breast implants, there was never a genuine health risk at all; but the lack of any evidence of such didn't prevent multibillion-dollar litigation. The trial bar never apologized, nor did it yield up any of its ill-gotten riches. Notes Olson: "Because our legal system, unlike most countries', lacks a loser-pays principle, [trial lawyers] never did have to worry that there would be any price tag for them to pay for the damage done by unfounded litigation."

Government became a full-fledged partner of the trial bar in cases against the tobacco and gun industries, both of which Olson covers in detail. Lawyers helped finance the campaigns of state attorneys general; the attorneys general offered generous fees, around $14 billion total, to trial lawyers. Good press and lots of money was had by all. And everything was financed by a de facto tobacco tax, imposed without legislative approval and protected through a cartel restricting competition from lower-cost cigarette makers. Lawyers have been investing in politicians quite heavily, says Olson. "Never before in history had there arisen a class of individuals more munificent in their political campaign donations than American plaintiffs' lawyers, and now the tobacco lawyers were raising the bar for generosity to new and unheard-of heights."

The conflicts of interest and appearances of impropriety should have been great enough to excite the interest of the usual public-interest lobby, except that most activist "consumer" and "public interest" groups themselves are funded by the trial bar; Olson points out that Ralph Nader has been "the trial bar's most valuable asset" in the public forum.

The trial bar's political power is magnified by the existence of 50 different state

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court systems. Parts of the South have turned into what Olson calls the "jackpot belt," where "seemingly routine disputes" result in massive monetary awards. Unfortunately, it's not just the South that sports such "tort traps."

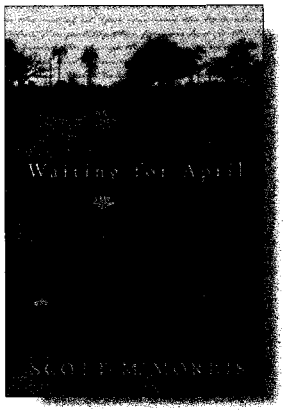
Juries are also at fault, and Olson is not shy about criticizing the role of this venerable institution: "Many defenders of America's present litigation arrangements see rhetorical mileage to be gained in recasting any debate about overly high, unpredictable, passion-driven, or arbitrary jury verdicts into a debate about whether you're for juries or agin 'em." But a number of reforms are possible, without stripping juries of the right to assess basic liability. Indeed, Olson suggests increasing jury power—to take notes and ask questions, for instance. But the trial bar usually opposes such steps, since its goal is to "arrange matters so as to maximize the power trial lawyers themselves get to exert."

The consequences of the rule of lawyers have been immense: transformation of tort law to make anyone potentially liable for anything; vast wealth transfers from producers to the careless, hypersensitive, irresponsible, and venal; individual businesses, and even whole industries, ruined owing to junk science and legal misconduct; and subversion of the democratic political process as local juries and courts make national political decisions. According to *The American Lawyer* magazine, tobacco lawyer Wendell Gauthier (explicitly) and many other attorneys (implicitly) see "the plaintiffs bar as a de facto fourth branch of government, one that achieved regulation through litigation where legislation failed."

The prospect of controlling this fourth branch seems as remote as ever. What was learned from the tobacco-lawsuit scandal? Not much, in Olson's view. A few modest reforms resulted, but the problem remains "a simple issue of power: We first give lawyers far more power than other countries do and then provide less supervision of the way they use that power."

If the principle of self-government is to retain any meaning, Americans need to restrict that power and provide that supervision. There are many good reasons to do so. But perhaps the most important is, in Olson's words, to restore to the American people "the right to find its own future and pursue its own destiny." **NR**

Sultry, Sexy, and Smart



Waiting for April, by Scott M. Morris (Algonquin, 352 pp., $24.95)

JAY NORDLINGER

"THERE'S nothing to read," you sometimes hear. All the good literature is in the past, and what we have today is trash or pretension. Well, that's not true. I could give you a list—if not a terribly long one—but for now I'll simply alert you to *Waiting for April*, the second published novel of Scott M. Morris.

His first was *The Total View of Taftly* (2000), more a novella, a strange and striking tale of the South, featuring what some call "grotesques"—although this is a term that Morris rejects as . . . well, grotesque. *Taftly* caused the literary world to stir a little, and, with the arrival of *April*, it should be fully awake.

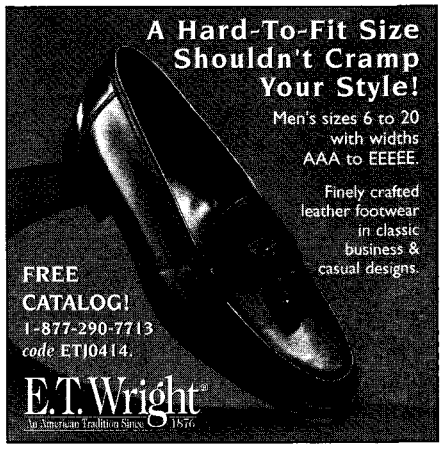
Who is April? She is a woman, not a month, though her sister's name is June. April is the aunt of the narrator and protagonist, Royce Sanders Collier, known as "Roy." But to describe her as his aunt is too narrow, and misleading. She is the center of his existence and the love of his life—and by "love," we don't mean the nephewly kind, which is part of why the entire novel throbs with desire, disorientation, and danger. From the beginning, both "aunt" and "nephew"

> sensed that our relationship wasn't destined to be traditional. As I grew older she'd sometimes refer to herself as my "old aunt April" and the like, but as soon as such words came out of her mouth we'd both begin laughing because they seemed so ludicrous. What a delightful secret we were! Great buddies, mad confidants, we were linked by eternal golden braids . . .

When Roy was a toddler—at a "tender toddling age," as Morris puts it, typically—his life was "divided into exactly two states of existence: waiting for April and being with April. There was no third."

April is beautiful: and not just beautiful, but "shockingly" beautiful—the most beautiful girl and woman (for this novel stretches out over years) anyone ever saw, a beauty that dizzifies everything around it. Morris spends much of the book describing the beauty of April, and he is a master describer of women, as can be seen in *Taftly* too. He lingers over them in an almost forbidden way, coming back at them again and again, laying on a thousand details, with a huge variety of language. He appreciates how they look, smell, move. April is (so far) his supreme creation.

> Not that [she] was perfect. I shall never forget the shock of discovering that the prescription dandruff shampoo I had always assumed belonged to scruffy Leonard [Roy's uncle] was in fact dewy April's. She was an inveterate nail biter as well and had terrible toes. I could go on, but as anyone who has had any experience with a woman who is not only beautiful but also lively and tenderhearted knows, such details take on their own peculiar charm, so what's the use?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Morris's attentions are not confined to women, however. Everything is within his ken, and pen. Consider what he does with Roy's father—who dies (is murdered? commits suicide?) when Roy is only six:

> . . . he had the gift of never appearing ordinary. It always seemed he'd just arrived from some important destination and might be gone to another at any moment. All his movements were highly stylized. He gestured with his hands in an almost feminine manner [oops, women again], halting these motions to gently toy with the flesh atop his knuckles. His nose was aquiline and his lips a little too red. He kept his hair, which was the color of cola, well trimmed. He never did anything in a hurry, though if he wanted to he could become very aggressive and in a matter of seconds change his demeanor into something capable and dangerous.

The novel begins with a Prologue, a powerful thing, almost a set-piece, preparing us for the journey to come. In these first pages—and throughout the book—Morris sort of teases you, though not unfairly, compelling you to keep turning pages. The book is a romance, a mystery, a novel of manners, an exploration of culture, a feast of language, including wordplay. Set in the (fictional) town of Citrus, Florida, it has about six leading characters: Roy, and Roy's parents, and April and Leonard, and a fellow named Sterns Reel, the intellectual and artist who owns a bait shop. "[I]t's a constant decision against suicide every waking moment," he says.

The novel moves Roy from birth—1966—through college. It's a novel of the South, yes, with red velvet cake and dipping (meaning, tobacco). But it goes planets beyond that.

Right from that Prologue, the sentences click and score. When Morris is writing, he's apt to write about writing, to wit, "In the parlance of romance and certain romans à clef she was coltish, though never skittish in any genre." Or how about, "Dishabilled in the moonlight, to verb it up a bit . . ."? His wordplay manages to delight without cloying: "A canyon? Grand. But a cypressy bayou at misty daybreak was grander." He gives you long, baroque, Faulkneresque sentences, and short, sweet, Hemingwayesque ones: "Sterns was a bachelor, though not by choice. The man was simply too fat to marry." He can sometimes seem old, sage, and spiritual; and then—next page—he seems young, unbuttoned, and hormonal. His ear for the vernacular, with its ain'ts, is brilliant. And his sensual writing may leave you short of breath: *Waiting for April* contains what must be the sexiest haircut in literature.

He is terribly funny too, and sly. "They would put on a Thelonious Monk album, the insider's choice for those who believed Charlie Parker had become too popular . . ." An old coot on the highway selects "the choice middle lane visible only to drunks and the elderly." Often he is funny-sad, as in, "Doctor said I'd be retarded . . . [b]ut turns out I'm just borderline dumb-ass."

This novel has some politics, for Morris is a political as well as a literary man, and he is attuned to the gradations of both the Republican and the Democratic parties. One of his characters is a congressman. The author himself has a streak of agrarianism in him—of John Crowe Ransom, of Wendell Berry (to bring it up to date)—or maybe more than a streak.

At virtually every turn, the reader may well find himself nodding and saying, "Yes, that's true. That's what people do. That's what life is like." Morris sees things that we've all observed but have not quite registered, or have quickly forgotten; certainly we have not written them down or woven them into a complicated but fast-paced novel. "I couldn't look at her when she said these things, and for that reason I suppose she believed she had to keep saying them." His sympathy for human beings is enormous, and at times heartbreaking. Here is a country mother seeing her boy off to the Vietnam War:

> She'd worn the nicest dress she had and she even put on a little rouge and lipstick. And she'd worn heels. I remember her tottering and feeling sorry for her because what was happening was killing her and she was having to endure it standing there fighting for balance in those damned heels that she didn't know how to wear. . . . It must have been a hundred degrees with the sun beating down on them, no privacy, right there off the square . . . When I think of that poor woman standing there in those heels watching her son get on that bus . . .

These days—and probably always—a novel has to be "about" something, not just an occasion for a ripping story unfolded in marvelous English. And *Waiting for April* is, indeed, "about" something, or several things: chiefly the importance of DNA (to put it far more crudely than Morris would), the circumstances into which one is born, blood and soil, the past, how to escape it, whether to. Fitzgerald's "boats against the current" are there, often not really wanting to resist the current at all, happy to be borne ceaselessly back, nervous of the future and of the outside. This is a book that worms into the brain. You may linger in it for days after you've finished it.

Waiting for April is a novel of the South, yes, with red velvet cake and dipping. But it goes planets beyond that.

Scott M. Morris was born in 1966, same as Roy Collier (not to suggest further parallels!). He is a "fifth-generation Floridian," as he says, and now lives in Oxford, Mississippi, where he teaches at the university. In the mid '90s, he worked at *The Weekly Standard* magazine in Washington—at the desk next to mine, actually. It was obvious that his gifts were huge, and that he should and would transcend the world of grubby journalism. I'd tease him that, deep and erudite as he was, he'd pretend that he was "just some boy out of the orange groves." He'd laugh, denying nothing.

A reviewer for the *Los Angeles Times*, properly smitten, said, "Scott Morris has a long and happy life ahead." I should say. In the novel, Roy's mother tells her son, "You have to learn to be perceptive . . . Don't just blunder through life." This author is not. He has just produced a novel that will last. And if it doesn't, that will be the public's fault, not his. **NR**

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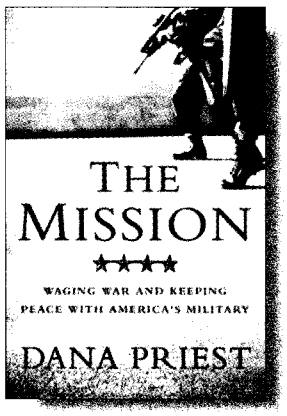
Army Aunts



The Mission: Waging War and Keeping Peace with America's Military, by Dana Priest (Norton, 384 pp., $26.95)

ANDREW J. BACEVICH

From the late 1940s until the end of the 1980s, a single unambiguous mission concentrated the minds and energies of America's armed forces. The U.S. military existed to deter and, if necessary, defeat The Threat—aggression by the Soviet Union or by Soviet pawns and proxies. For Americans in uniform, of course, the Cold War was by no means a "simpler time." An era that included the bloody frustrations of Korea and the agonizing failure of Vietnam was anything but simple. Still, the overriding imperative of defending the Fulda Gap imparted to the business of soldiering a remarkable clarity of purpose.

When the Berlin Wall came down, that mission abruptly ended. Almost as quickly, clarity on military matters vanished. For no sooner did the Soviets call it quits than American soldiers found themselves embarking upon an extraordinary journey. Over the course of the next decade that journey took them to Panama, the Persian Gulf, "Kurdistan," the Horn of Africa, Haiti, the Balkans, and Central Asia, to name only the most prominent destinations. The journey also saw our fighting men shouldering an array of new responsibilities. From time to time, Washington still called upon America's warriors to wage war. But it also, and with greater frequency, pressed them into service as peacekeepers, nation-builders, purveyors of humanitarian relief, and agents of influence charged with "shaping" a new international order.

The vast majority of American citizens—holding soldiers in high esteem but increasingly oblivious to what military service actually entails—attended to this journey only fitfully. When the prospect of fighting loomed large, we paid attention. Once the danger passed or the shooting stopped, we quickly lost interest.

In the process, Americans missed one of the decade's biggest stories. Riveted by Bill Clinton's sexual hijinks, who could spare the time or attention to inquire why U.S. troops stayed on in Bosnia long after the one-year deadline Clinton had set for their withdrawal? Fixated with the dot.boom's promise of easy money, who could spare the time to ask why senior U.S. military commanders were busily crisscrossing the world's oceans to call on sheiks, sultans, potentates, and assorted presidents-for-life?

In a post-Clinton, dot.bust, post–9/11 world, Dana Priest offers us the opportunity to make amends. An award-winning correspondent for the *Washington Post*, Priest spent much of the 1990s accompanying American soldiers on their far-flung travels. In *The Mission*, she recounts their story with verve, insight, and empathy. The result is a book that is consistently instructive and frequently disturbing.

It is also very much a reporter's book, descriptive rather than analytical and all the more compelling on that account. *The Mission* does not provide—nor does it pretend to be—a comprehensive history of the U.S. military since the end of the Cold War. It recounts selected episodes, but does so in vivid detail, providing an up-close, intimate look at an institution that Americans profess to admire but in general take for granted.

Thus, Priest tags along with the four-star regional commanders who have long since superseded their State Department counterparts to emerge as modern-day equivalents of imperial proconsuls. She details the exploits of Special Forces teams collaborating with CIA operatives and unsavory Afghan allies to overthrow the Taliban, but also earnestly instructing Nigerian and Colombian recruits in tactics, marksmanship, and respect for human rights. Most affectingly, she recounts the efforts of eager young paratroopers, innocent of history, who upon their arrival in Kosovo take it upon themselves to bring evildoers to justice and restore ethnic harmony.

Priest tells real stories about real people, soldiers grappling with a task of bewildering complexity, namely, managing a global imperium. It is a task for which their prior education and training have provided little preparation. As a result, they learn on the fly and make mistakes, half the time not even knowing what they don't know. And they do all this with precious little help and perhaps even less understanding from their masters in the White House, the Pentagon, and Congress.

According to Priest, the results achieved are at best mixed. Senior admirals and generals, groomed for decades to be "warfighters" and now anointed military statesmen, bring to the job a can-do attitude but little else. Frustrated with Washington's apparent inability to provide coherent guidance, America's proconsuls fill the vacuum of regional policy. In doing so, whether intentionally or not, they undermine the longstanding civilian-military bargain forged to

Mr. Bacevich teaches international relations at Boston University and is the author of *American Empire: The Realities and Consequences of U.S. Diplomacy.*

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secure civilian control. Furthermore, as Priest's account of four-star policy in the Balkans, the Persian Gulf, and Southeast Asia makes clear, in their dealings with foreign leaders, both civilian and military, these Metternichs-in-uniform display a remarkable naïveté.

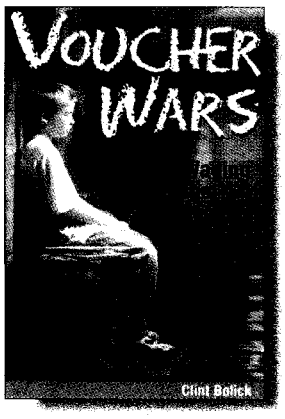
Meanwhile, the young soldier, imagining himself to be Rambo but called upon to display the skills of neighborhood cop and Peace Corps volunteer, is completely out of his depth. In Kosovo, well-intentioned efforts to sort out centuries of ethnic hatred end in ugliness. The junior officers and noncommissioned officers involved manage only to dishonor themselves.

Among conservatives, it has long been a badge of honor to side with the troops, no questions asked. In the aftermath of Vietnam, when a reflexive anti-militarism pervaded the Left, this was an honorable and even necessary posture. But in an age when even Hillary Clinton claims to be ardently pro-military, something much more is required. Indeed, the best way to repay our debt to the troops today may well be to question the drift of U.S. military policy over the past decade.

Since the end of the Cold War, the imperatives of "global leadership" have led the United States to assume ever-greater obligations around the world. With little or no consideration of the implications, policymakers have sloughed off the burden of handling those obligations onto the armed services, which are cheerfully assumed to be able to do anything, anywhere, at any time. That assumption deserves to be reconsidered—as does the corollary, long cherished by conservatives, that other government agencies, such as the State Department, are incompetent beyond salvaging.

In the aftermath of 9/11, the Bush administration wisely embarked upon a major reorganization aimed at bolstering the government's ability to defend the homeland. But that's only half of what's required. In this splendid book, Dana Priest suggests that the existing apparatus for the formulation and implementation of U.S. policy abroad is also broken. Expecting the military to manage the empire is unfair to soldiers and is fraught with risk. They deserve, and the nation needs, something better. **NR**

Not Old School



Voucher Wars: Waging the Legal Battle over School Choice, by Clint Bolick (Cato, 277 pp., $12)

JOHN J. MILLER

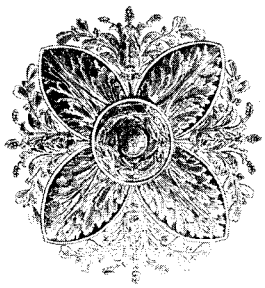
When Clint Bolick learned that Wisconsin had enacted America's first true school-choice program, he called the legislation's sponsor, state representative Polly Williams, to offer his congratulations. Then he asked if she was ready for the lawsuit. "What lawsuit?" replied Williams.

That was in 1990. Over the next twelve years, lawsuits in Wisconsin and elsewhere would make up the better part of Bolick's life. Defending school-choice programs against teachers unions and their aggressive litigation became a passion for Bolick and a few other energetic lawyers who congregated around the Institute for Justice, a libertarian public-interest law firm. Their hard work finally paid off last summer, when the Supreme Court issued a sweeping endorsement of school choice's constitutionality. *Voucher Wars* is an engaging memoir of this remarkable legal achievement.

The story begins with Bolick revealing his libertarian idealism. At Drew University, he enrolled in a teacher-certification program and, as a part of his student teaching, tried to replace a "boring" world-history textbook with Ayn Rand's *We the Living*. In law school at UC-Davis, he skipped the graduation ceremony because the commencement speaker was Ralph Nader. Next, in the early 1980s, he began a career in Nader's field, public-interest law. Bolick describes why non-profit legal work appealed to a young right-winger like himself: "You get to choose your cases and your clients, you don't have to charge anything, and, in our case, you get to sue bureaucrats."

In contrast with the Institute's other activities, most of Bolick's work on school choice didn't bring with it the joy of suing bureaucrats. Instead, it called for defending programs in Milwaukee, Cleveland, and Florida from attacks by determined teachers unions. "In public policy," he explains, "no good deed goes unchallenged in court."

As he defended school choice, however, Bolick knew that he was really on offense, against "one of the biggest and most pernicious government monopolies in the free world." The education establishment will marshal all its resources to defeat school-choice plans that give parents the financial means to enroll their children in private schools, rather than failing public ones. When a program springs up—even if it limits the number of participants to a handful of kids from low-income families—the teachers unions will spend millions to smack it down.



Only lawyers will love certain sections of *Voucher Wars*, such as the passage in which Bolick lays out an interpretation of *res judicata* doctrine. The chronological narration also requires constant scene-shifting, and sometimes it's hard to keep track of exactly whose appeal is being heard where. Yet Bolick keeps pushing his story along, often with dashes of humor. One of his early adversaries was Wisconsin's superintendent of public instruction, a fellow named Bert Grover. "Despite having two *Sesame Street* names, Grover was no friend of children," deadpans the author. At another

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point, he comments that the Institute for Justice's home office is "a stone's throw from the White House—a distance I like to say I personally measured during the Clinton years."

There are some harrowing moments in the book, too. On April 29, 1992, Bolick was in South Central Los Angeles organizing black parents in behalf of school choice: "We learned that a jury had just acquitted the police officers who had savagely beaten Rodney King, and we wondered whether there would be trouble." He didn't wonder for long. As he drove to a meeting, rioters hurled rocks at his car and one man charged at him with a two-by-four. Bolick had to pull into oncoming traffic and run a red light to escape. He wound up watching Reginald Denny's beating on live television, only two intersections from where it was happening.

Voucher Wars always returns to courtroom action, and here Bolick shows what every lawyer must know: Sometimes the deck is so stacked, it doesn't matter how strong your arguments are. When the teachers union sued Florida's school-choice program, for instance, it hired a "back-country, good ol' boy" attorney named Dexter Douglass—who emerged directly from the judge's chambers to take his seat at the plaintiffs' counsel table before the case's first preliminary hearing.

The judge in question, one L. Ralph "Bubba" Smith, was hostile from the start. Bolick later learned that Smith's son was engaged to the daughter of a top union official, so he filed a recusal motion. The couple replied with affidavits denying that they had ever been engaged, and Bolick withdrew his request "with embarrassment." Smith struck down the program, "issuing verbatim the lengthy opinion drafted by the teachers union." A little while later, Smith's lovebirds really did get hitched. School choice ultimately would prevail in Florida after further wrangling—but not in the courtroom of Judge Bubba, who was tossed off the case when it went back to trial.

Bolick isn't shy about settling other scores as well. The Institute for Justice team clearly didn't mesh well with the Ohio attorney general's office, even as they were on their way to a historic victory before the Supreme Court together. Bolick also describes how the U.S. Catholic Conference—a supposed ally but "considerably more liberal than the church as a whole"—nearly derailed the effort to craft a federal bill establishing school choice in the District of Columbia.

By focusing on the legal side of school choice, Bolick is able to write about a success story. Things haven't gone nearly so well, however, in the crucial theater of politics: President Clinton vetoed that D.C. bill, and several ill-advised ballot initiatives have left school choice with a series of black eyes. Millions of voters in California, Colorado, Michigan, and Oregon have examined school choice, and they've rejected it by whopping margins.

"It seems remarkable that it took twelve years of intense litigation to establish the baseline principle that parents may be entrusted with the decision of how to direct the spending devoted to their children's education," writes Bolick. He's right about that, and deserves enormous credit for what he's done. But the voucher wars will rage on, and the next challenge for the school-choice movement is to convince parents that they should take advantage of the opportunity that Bolick has helped give them. **NR**

■ BOOKS IN BRIEF ■

Purgatorio, by Dante Alighieri, translated by Jean Hollander and Robert Hollander (Doubleday, 656 pp., $35)

With this *Purgatorio*, the Hollanders take a large step forward with one of the most exciting literary and scholarly projects of our time. The Hollander *Divine Comedy* is the definitive translation; its copious notes are both invaluable and civilized. With regard to Dante scholarship, I do not hesitate to apply to the Hollanders what Dante said of Aristotle in the *Inferno*: They are "the master[s] of those who know." Readers who do not know the *Purgatorio* should do themselves a great favor by tackling this book. They may find that they prefer it to the *Inferno*: The *Inferno* is sublime, but the *Purgatorio* is beautiful. The *Purgatorio* is Mozart to the *Inferno*'s Beethoven.

The souls in Hell are there because in life they refused to incline toward the greater good; but the souls in Purgatory have chosen the greater good, and will be saved. In Dante's Purgatory, souls eagerly want their spiritual dross to be cleansed away; appropriately, the poetry expresses a sweet longing, and whereas the colors of Hell are primarily red and black, those of Purgatory are mostly pastel blues and greens.

Beautifully, the *Purgatorio* is full of poets: Virgil, of course, whose relation to Dante is one of the great things in literature; Statius; and Dante's models and colleagues, Sordello, Guido Guinizzelli, Casella, and Arnaut Daniel, whom Dante called "the better craftsman" (*il miglior fabbro*). Their love and admiration is striking. And here we are invited to consider the religion of Amor, a new human emotion born in 11th-century Provence that changed the Western world. Its new attitude toward women—viewing them as the refiners of male manners—still distinguishes the West from all other civilizations ancient and modern.

Dante knew that sexual love could be dangerous to the soul, because so powerful. Yet he was strikingly kind to it, certainly compared with later moralists. His great adulterous lovers Paolo and Francesca are kindly treated in the *Inferno*; and in the *Purgatorio* Lust is near the top of the mountain, preferable to, lower down, the remaining six deadly sins. I think this corresponds to our own intuitive valuations. Perhaps Dante's own temptation in "the sweet world," as he calls it, was not so bad after all. We hope to have the Hollanders' *Paradiso* soon, culminating their own great project, and ours.

—JEFFREY HART

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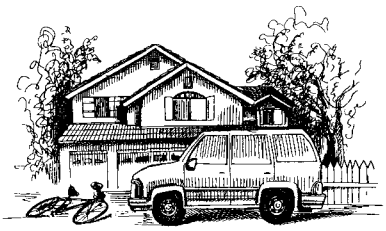
■ THE STRAGGLER ■

The Home Front



JOHN DERBYSHIRE

T. S. ELIOT got it wrong. For the suburban homeowner it is March, not April, that is the cruelest month. Over a matter of days, the forgetful snow (you can play "spot the *Waste Land* allusions" with this piece) has all melted, revealing the sorry state of one's property. Is it a trick of memory, or is that state really much sorrier than it seemed the last time one saw it, back before the snow cover absolved one of any need to think seriously about maintenance? Was that rotten section of the fence really that rotten back in December? Did the rear upper gutter sag as much as it now seems to? Is this a new crack in the driveway?

Many things, of course, are still depressingly unchanged. That roof tile that slipped and fell into the lower front gutter just before Christmas has not levitated itself back into position. Presumably it's still lying there in the gutter. Presumably I shall find it when I get my ladder out and do gutter inspection—number 15 on my list of spring chores. Oh, Lord.

Things are actually worse than usual this year because of our new waste system. When we were negotiating to buy this house back in 1992, we had an engineer go over it looking for problems. He suspected that the waste system needed replacing. (This is the far-outer suburbs of New York City, far from municipal sewerage lines. Each house makes its own arrangements.) Well, we called in a cesspool engineer, a grizzled old fellow with a lifetime's experience in his deeply unglamorous trade. He stunned us by striding across the back lawn, stopping, taking one single stab at the grass with a metal spike, and immediately striking the four-inch-diameter cap of the cesspool, buried six inches below the turf. Yes, he confirmed after further investigations, the house needed a new cesspool. Awed by the well-nigh-supernatural level of expertise displayed by this diviner of drains, this seer of sewerage, this Tiresias of the septic tanks, we made it a condition of purchase that the vendor install a new cesspool.

That was a strategic blunder. Our vendor was a person very well connected at the town hall. He easily evaded the necessary inspections and certifications, and put in the smallest, cheapest, shoddiest replacement possible. The wretched thing gave us trouble for eleven years. Finally, last December, our frustration overflowed (so to speak), and we called in a local firm to build us a new system. They showed up one day in a convoy of trucks, cranes, and backhoes, and dug a stupendous hole in our front lawn. It was all very well done—they even moved our Japanese flowering cherry tree, root system and all, then replanted it intact when they had finished. Turf, however, was not part of their contract. They left the surface of my front garden in its primeval condition. Not much point doing anything about it in mid December, we agreed. Then the snow came and blotted out the mess . . . till last week. Now the window of my study looks out over the Ypres Salient.

And then—the driveway! Now, I regard my driveway with considerable pride. It is 40 yards long, sweeping up to the detached garage at the very back of our property. As well as fulfilling its prescribed function, it has been a great aid to our children's social development. Neighboring children congregate on it to gossip, lounge on their bikes, practice roller-blading, or play hopscotch—we go through a box of driveway chalks a month. Well, the first summer we had the house, and then again the second, I coated the driveway myself with a viscous black substance advertised as being the very stuff they put on airport runways. You could land a plane on my driveway, I quipped with great satisfaction to anyone who passed within quipping range. It was back-breaking work, though. When a kind neighbor told me that one coating per annum was overdoing it, I decided to let it go for three or four years before the next coating. That was nine years ago. Now there are cracks, crevices, fissures—even, I see with horror, an incipient pothole.

The late Vladimir Nabokov lost his family estates to the Russian Revolution when he was 20 years old. Thereafter, he claimed, he never had any further desire to own his own house or furniture, and his domiciliary ideal was to live in a large, comfortable hotel. When he was in his late 50s, the worldwide success of *Lolita* gave him a decent income; he moved into a six-room suite at the Palace Hotel in Montreux, and spent the rest of his life there by the waters of Léman. Springtime puts me in a Nabokov frame of mind. Owning one's own home is proverbially part of the American dream, but it is an awful lot of trouble and distraction. Hotel dwellers don't have to worry about roof tiles, fences, potholes, cesspools, lawns.

I don't, as a matter of fact, much mind doing modest home-improvement chores. Being in an extremely sedentary line of work, 90 percent of which is just reading ("A man will turn over half a library to make one book"—Dr. Johnson), small manual tasks are a welcome relaxation. In the long torpor of winter, though, one gets out of the habit. Snug by the fire, numb from Christmas shopping, with the world all dark at 6 P.M., "Oh, that can wait till the spring" seems like plain common sense, not procrastination at all. Now, here is spring, come to collect on all those I.O.U.'s.

I go outside and stare glumly at the expanse of stony rubbish where my front lawn once was. The air is bright and warm, but in vain: I cannot respond to it. I think of Dorothy Parker's lines on spring: ". . . nasty little birds yapping their fool heads off, and the ground all mucked up with arbutus." What exactly is arbutus? A neighbor strolls over and we grumble together about the drifts of municipal grit still lying at the sides of the street and on the verges. Ah, spring!

> After the frosty silence in the gardens
> After the agony in stony places
> The shouting and the crying . . .
> . . . . . .
> Shall I at least set my lands in order?
> —*The Waste Land*

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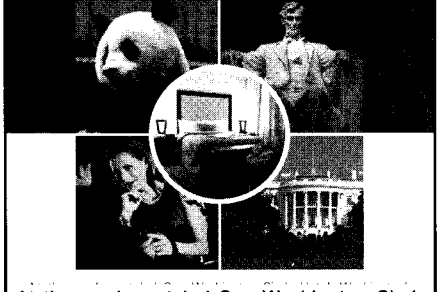

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on the right

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

What Mr. Bush Left Out

NEW YORK, MARCH 18

THE finality of the long—seemingly endless—period of indecision, fractured alliances, ambivalent allies, and fruitless diplomacy had an unusual touch. The president flew two thirds of the way across the Atlantic to meet with the leaders of the diminished ranks of our allies. The trip doesn't take much more air time than a flight to Denver, but there was operatic grace in seeking out a remote island, one of an archipelago as beautiful as any on earth, and touching down with the prime ministers of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, where the language spoken is foreign, and where an Atlantic U.S. Air Force base serves as a promontory of U.S. vigilance for the world Columbus left, to discover the new world. The mother country of the Azores endured a left-wing coup in 1974. A few years later, the governor of the islands disclosed, with not much discretion, that if the military continued power in Portugal, the Azores would declare their loyalty to Lisbon ended, and make out for themselves. The Azores had been a colony for about 500 years.

Before the colonizers settled down to being a metropolitan district of Portugal, they were fought for, and dominated intermittently, by the Spanish. When they went to war in those days, the missions were outspoken. The rulers wished for glory, foreign possessions, and wealth.

Nothing of the kind preoccupied Mr. Bush in the missions he described on Monday night. Lenin preached to faithful Marxist ears that colonialism was the chief and vital enterprise of the bourgeois world, motivating policy and life. Revisionists have carefully argued, in recent years, that the overhead of colonialism often exceeded its fruits, challenging a central postulate of Marx-Lenin. It is not widely held that we are moving against Iraq for material reasons, and it is plain that our motives are hardly material, unless one classifies as a material motive the determination to safeguard one's freedom and security.

President Bush spoke directly, using the personal pronoun, to the people whose country he would invade. The military campaign "will be directed against the lawless men who rule your country and not against you. As our coalition takes away their power we will deliver the food and medicine you need. We will tear down the apparatus of terror."

And then? "We will help you to build a new Iraq that is prosperous and free." And at the close, "Unlike Saddam Hussein, we believe the Iraqi people are deserving and capable of human liberty. And when the dictator has departed, they can set an example to all the Middle East of a vital and peaceful and self-governing nation."

Mr. Bush would have done better to speak more modestly about expectations. Sitting down on vast oil reserves does not bring prosperity or freedom, as we are quickly reminded merely by citing Venezuela, Nigeria, and Saudi Arabia. What Mr. Bush proposes to do is to unseat Saddam Hussein and to eliminate his investments in aggressive weaponry. We can devoutly hope that internecine tribal antagonisms will be subsumed in the fresh air of a despot removed, and that the restoration of freedom will be productive. But these concomitant developments can't be either foreseen by the United States, or implemented by us. What Mr. Bush can accomplish is the removal of a regime and its infrastructure. The Iraqi people will have to take it from there.

Who/What To Be Mad At

NEW YORK, MARCH 21

As we pause, waiting to discover whether Saddam is dead or alive, attention passes to the United Nations. We begin by asking: Who are we mad at?

Forget the French. They were obstructionist and they went further than merely to declare themselves opposed to confrontation. Even though they knew weeks ago that the United States had decided to proceed with military action, the French solicited redundant support, notably from Russia and China, which didn't add to the power they already had as veto-equipped members of the Security Council. French focus went from blocking the U.S. through the veto to blocking the U.S. from the goal of achieving majority approval. To end up out-bargaining the U.S. for the vote of Cameroon or Chile was after all redundant, inasmuch as the veto was promised. The French effort accomplished only the mobilization of supplementary votes on the other side.

The question to ask now is how to think through the future of the U.N., which hangs to a considerable extent on the future of U.S. participation in it.

The United States could call for a convention to reconsider the distribution of veto power. We could reasonably hold that by standards of population and/or wealth, Germany and India should be elevated to veto power. If we thought geographical distribution now critical, we might consider Brazil or Argentina, assuming they could scratch up the money to pay dues. And, if we went in that direction, Indonesia would certainly court a vote.

Or, the U.S. could go in an entirely different direction, advocating not the enlargement of veto powers, but the elimination of the veto. We will never have a clearer demonstration of the veto's negative influence than we have just had. It may be that without taking specific action to go for a constitutional convention, we might proceed on the assumption that, for all intents and pur-

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poses, the constitution has *been* amended. Nobody is going to feel bound by a Security Council veto in years visibly ahead. The Queen of England has the constitutional right to the "royal veto" of an act of Parliament (*La reine s'avisera*).The Crown has not exercised that veto since 1708, so why bother to take the power from her? The constitution of the U.N. can be held to have been amended by the action of the French, and will go unused, in atrophy.

A third way to go is by such a resolution as was proposed by the philosopher/strategist James Burnham three decades ago. It wouldn't be a formal resolution in the Security Council, because it would involve no one other than the party that came forward with it.

Such a "resolution" would in fact be nothing more than a standing instruction by the president to our ambassador to the U.N. It would instruct him not to cast his vote on any political motion. Participate fully and vigorously in discussion with other members, exchange with them compliments, threats, bribes, information, gestures of friendship. *But don't vote.*

That would be the signal: The United States is not participating in that part of the U.N. that exercises parliamentary authority on political questions. If the U.S. did not vote in the Security Council, over a period of time it would transpire that political votes in the Security Council were without meaning.

That third approach has the benefit of continuing in place all else in the U.N., and permitting the French ambassador to tell his grandchildren that he once exercised something called a "veto."

Religious Aggression?

NEW YORK, MARCH 25

It is widely noticed that the faithful attending religious services are greatly vexed by the divide between religious counselors (the majority of them) and the counsel of their political leaders. We learn that Southern Baptist Convention leaders and some evangelical and Pentecostal leaders have rallied behind President Bush, but mainline Protestant leaders oppose him and of course the Pope has spoken repeatedly against his policy. Jewish leaders, the *New York Times* reports, are "deeply split."

One begins by acknowledging that political agenda have a way of crowding out theological questions, as with the Most Rev. Frank Griswold, who is the presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church. His recent protest included the statement that "I'd like to be able to go somewhere in the world and not have to apologize for being from the United States." New York Episcopal Bishop (retired) Paul Moore has been criticizing America for years, inveighing against poverty, corporate greed, racism, nuclear arms, military spending, and war, which is okay, but oughtn't to be thought uniquely American inventions. Indeed, some clergy short-circuited such respect as they'd be thought ex officio to have by their categorical alienation from America. The writer Fred Barnes ended his piece in the *Wall Street Journal* about "pious denunciations" by noting Bishop's Griswold's petition to meet with Mr. Bush so that he and other religious leaders might "share our perspectives with him." Barnes commented: "That would be a waste of time for Mr. Bush—and an embarrassment to Episcopalians like me."

Such critics are not to be deliberated on, except if they happen to say something arresting or original, even as movie-star protesters can be ignored unless one of them comes up with an epiphany, in thought or language.

But this, of course, does not apply to Pope John Paul II. He cannot be accused of blindsided anti-Americanism, so that the weight of his office can't be lightly discarded. Catholics correctly proceed knowing that even in matters of war and peace, the Pope's particular judgments are questions less of morals than of prudence. We can proceed to deliberate his words confident that the Pope's opposition to the war is not a criticism of American institutions. Rather, it is criticism of going to war in the current crisis.

On Monday, in a message to Catholic military chaplains gathered at the Vatican, the Pope began by denouncing war in general, a position with which thoughtful citizens throughout the world are familiar and with which they are in sympathy. Engagement in a war whose purposes are colonialist or rawly exploitative is denounced with that special authority that attaches to religious condemnations, condemnations in the word of God.

But the Pope's statement to the chaplains included a sentiment thus paraphrased in the News24.com Special Report: "Making it clear that his remarks concerned the present conflict, the Pope also said that the only form of military action that could be considered legitimate was in defense against an aggression."

The qualifiers spring instantly to mind. Would war against Germany one day before Hitler invaded Poland have been justified? If so, then the prudential question becomes, How much time before the postulated aggression can war be approved? A month? A year?

The word "democratic" is regularly used as if it had alchemical powers, wherefore one purpose of our Iraqi venture is to bring democracy to it. We tend to spare ourselves any retrospective thought to what then, under democracy, might happen. You can get the paralysis of modern Venezuela and the Philippines. The ethnocentrism of France. A United States sponsoring an actual war . . .

On the one point all religious leaders are indisputably correct, that prayer is at all times justified. Do not omit Bishop Griswold from such prayers for divine intercession.

—Universal Press Syndicate

"Oh, great!—now they lower standards!"

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what's right

DAVID FRUM

A Perle Before . . .

It's 1974. U.S. presidents are clinking champagne glasses with the masters of the Kremlin—and foreign-policy realists are quietly urging Americans to take whatever deals they can get from the Soviets: Our side is losing the Cold War, and the next deal will be much, much worse. There aren't many people around who still think the United States might actually *win* the Cold War. One of them is a then-young aide on the staff of Sen. Henry M. "Scoop" Jackson. The aide's name is Richard Perle—and that very year, he and his boss would astonish just about everyone by passing a law, the Jackson-Vanik amendment, denying access to the U.S. market to Communist countries that prevented their people from emigrating.

It's 1979. The world situation seems, if possible, even worse than in 1974. President Jimmy Carter has just sent the Senate a new arms-control treaty that would lock in forever the nuclear advantages the Soviets grabbed during the 1970s. The treaty looks unstoppable: When has a Democratic Senate ever rejected a treaty sent up by a Democratic president? But Jackson and Perle organize the opposition—and early the following year, Carter has to surrender and withdraw the treaty.

It's 1983. Hundreds of thousands of Europeans are protesting Ronald Reagan's decision to deploy Pershing missiles. A nervous State Department is desperately trying to placate the protesters by offering the Soviets one deal after another. Perle, now an assistant secretary of defense, scuppers one concession after another. The Soviets, he consistently points out, are already cheating on every existing agreement—there should be no new agreements until the old ones are honored.

It's 1986. Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev are meeting at Reykjavik, Iceland. Gorbachev startles the American delegation by offering up just about everything that U.S. arms controllers had ever wished for in the 1980s—in exchange for Reagan's surrendering on the Strategic Defense Initiative. In a hasty conference, Reagan tallies the opinions of his top defense aides. Almost everyone present urges Reagan to say yes. Perle argues for a no. And no is the answer Reagan gives.

These are only four moments from a long career of public service. Over three decades, few Americans have contributed more to the nation's security and the freedom of the world than Richard Perle. He fought to halt the transfer of military technology, first to the Soviets, then later to the Chinese. He spoke up for Communism's victims when they might otherwise have been forgotten. He warned early of the danger of Middle Eastern terrorism.

Perle left government service in 1987. He went into business as a consultant and adviser. He was successful in his work and made some money—but nothing like the gigantic fortunes earned by his onetime colleagues, former secretary of defense Frank Carlucci and former secretary of state James Baker, to name just two. Though he had joined the private sector, his deepest concerns still lay with the public; he continued to care much more about national security than about publicly traded securities. In July 2001, he was asked by Secretary Rumsfeld to chair the Pentagon's Defense Policy Board—and though the work is unpaid and hugely time-consuming, Perle gladly accepted.

Perle warned early of the danger of Middle Eastern terrorism.

You have to understand all of this background to appreciate the full and horrifying injustice of the conflict-of-interest charges hurled at Richard Perle over the past few weeks.

For each of those charges there is of course a specific reply. Seymour Hersh, for instance, charged in *The New Yorker* that Perle had met with two Saudi businessmen late last year with an eye to obtaining an investment in a company he was starting. In fact, Perle and the two Saudis all agree that the only subject discussed at the lunch was a Saudi plan to encourage Saddam Hussein to go into exile to avoid war.

But there is a larger point that needs to be made—and it emerges from the basic truth of who Richard Perle is and what he has done. The *New York Times* followed the Seymour Hersh allegations with two stories of its own. Both involved companies that had hired Perle to help them satisfy the government's security concerns.

In one case, a bankrupt telecom company called Global Crossing asked Perle to devise safeguards that would enable it to sell a chunk of itself to a Hong Kong investor without falling foul of technology-transfer rules. In the other, the satellite maker Loral—which had already been caught making such transfers to China—hired Perle to help it propose an appropriate penalty for its misdeeds.

In the Global Crossing matter, Perle proposed a battery of safeguards—including the creation of a separate subsidiary with a board of directors entirely made up of U.S. citizens. In the Loral case, Perle helped persuade the company to pay the largest fine in the history of technology-transfer investigations: $20 million.

In both cases, Perle was acting—not as the companies' representative in Washington—but really as Washington's representative to the companies. He was not offering them an escape from the rules. He showed Global Crossing how to live within the rules; and Loral, how to atone for the rules it had violated.

Perle has now resigned as chairman of the Defense Policy Board, although he will continue as a member. Perle explained that he feared that a controversy over his chairmanship would distract the board and the Pentagon from their work at a time of national emergency. I understand why he did it. But I resent the need for the resignation all the same. At exactly the moment when they will need them most, Americans have been deprived of Perle's full services. That's unfair to Perle—and it is worse for the rest of us. **NR**

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Office of National Drug Control Policy 'Monitoring the Future study, December 2002, University of Michigan

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